house of blue fire

A FOUR-PART STORY BY **MARK MORRIS**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time traveller.

SALLY MORGAN (NO 18):
(20s) Army cadet/Bluefire test subject. Initially out of her depth, but ultimately adaptable, reliable, resourceful.

RACHEL McMAHON (NO 5):
(20s) Army cadet/Bluefire test subject. Brash, confident, tough, impatient and aggressive at times. Strong London accent.

JEROME FISHER (NO 16):
(20s) Army cadet/Bluefire test subject. Way out of his comfort zone, but quietly gets on with things. Thoughtful, sensitive.

TOBY DODDS (NO 12):
(20s) Army cadet/Bluefire test subject. Ex-public school type. Slightly overbearing. A bit of a prat.

DR MAGNUS SOAMES:
(50) Army research scientist/head of Bluefire project. Petty, single-minded.

EVE PRITCHARD/MI'EN KALARASH:
(30) Dr Soames's assistant. Vessel of the Mi'en Kalarash.

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PART ONE

1. EXT. GROUNDS OF A TUMBLEDOWN COUNTRY HOTEL

(FX: THIN, DESOLATE WIND; RUSTLING LEAFLESS TREES AND BUSHES. FOOTSTEPS ON STONY GROUND, TRUDGING TO STOP)

SALLY
(CALLING, A LITTLE HESITANTLY) Hello? Anyone at home?

(FX: RUSTY SCRAPE AS SHE TUGS ON A BELL-PULL; OFF/SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE — A BELL CLANGS)

SALLY
Someone…? Anyone…?

(FX: FROM INSIDE, THE APPROACH OF MEASURED FOOTSTEPS ON A STONE FLOOR. CLUNK OF A HEAVY LATCH; THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

SOAMES
(UNFLUSTERED) Welcome, Miss. Won't you come in?

SALLY
(GRATEFUL; SURPRISED) Thank you.

(FX: WALKS THROUGH INTO:)

2. INT. MAIN HALLWAY/RECEPTION (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: DOOR CLOSES WITH A CREAK AND BANG. VOICES ECHO SLIGHTLY, SUGGESTING SPACE, EMPTINESS)

SOAMES
I trust you had a pleasant journey, Miss?

SALLY
I don't know. I can't remember how I got here. Were you expecting me?

SOAMES
Of course.

SALLY
See, the thing is… this is going to sound really odd, but I have no idea where I am.

SOAMES
Bluefire House.

SALLY
Can't say that makes things any clearer. I'm guessing from the reception desk and everything that this is a hotel, right?

SOAMES
The evidence would seem to suggest so.

SALLY
It's very quiet, though. Have I arrived out of season?

SOAMES
We're simply a little off the beaten track here, Miss.

SALLY
Well, what does that mean?

SOAMES
(FX: WALKING TO DESK) The Master will explain everything.

SALLY
(FX: FOLLOWING SOAMES) The Master?

SOAMES
(FX: STOPPING) At dinner.

SALLY
I'm a guest, then? Do I need to sign in?

SOAMES
That won't be necessary, Miss. (FX: OPENING DRAWER BY DESK, PRODUCING WRISTBAND) The Master simply asked that you wear this.

SALLY
A plastic wristband? (READING) '18'. What's '18'? My room number?

SOAMES
It would seem so, Miss.

SALLY
But won't I need a key, too? To get into my room, I mean?

SOAMES
All doors are open, here at Bluefire House.

SALLY
Isn't that a security risk? What sort of a hotel <u>is</u> this?

SOAMES
The Master will –

SALLY
(INTERRUPTING) I know – explain everything. So what time is dinner? When do I meet this 'Master' of yours?

SOAMES
Seven o'clock sharp, Miss.

SALLY
Seven. Right. And what time is it now?

(FX: OFF – ON CUE, A GRANDFATHER CLOCK WHIRRS AND STRIKES FIVE)

SALLY
(RUEFULLY) So what do I do for the next two hours?

SOAMES
I'll show you to your room.

SALLY
(UNCERTAINLY) I don't seem to have any luggage.

SOAMES
That's quite all right, Miss.

SALLY
(THE WEIRDNESS SUDDENLY GETTING TO HER) Why can't I remember anything, Mr…?

SOAMES
Soames, Miss.

SALLY
… Mr Soames. Why can't I remember how I got here? (GASPS) Why can't I even remember my name?

(PAUSE)

SOAMES
This way, Miss. Your room is just up here.

(FX: SOAMES LEADS THE WAY, ASCENDING CREAKING STAIRS. SALLY FOLLOWS)

SALLY
Can't we use the lift?

SOAMES
No need.

(FX: FADE OUT ASCENDING FOOTSTEPS)

3. INT. UPPER LANDING. SALLY'S BEDROOM

(FX: CREAK OF AN OPENING DOOR)

SOAMES
The accommodation is a little basic, I'm afraid.

SALLY
No, it's lovely. I've never slept in a four-poster bed.

SOAMES
I'm afraid the amenities are not all they could be. We have no electricity here.

SALLY
I'll be fine, Mr Soames, honestly. I've roughed it in far worse places. (SUDDEN REALISATION) Oh! How did I know that when I don't even know who I am?

SOAMES
I really can't say, Miss.

SALLY
Can't or won't?

SOAMES
I'm sorry, Miss. It's not my place.

SALLY
(SIGHS) All right, Mr Soames. I don't want to get you into trouble. But at least tell me this: am I in danger?

SOAMES
Not from me, Miss.

SALLY
Who, then? The Master?

SOAMES
I'm sure the Master has your best interests at heart. Now, if you'll excuse me…

SALLY
You're not leaving me, are you?

SOAMES
Just ring if you need anything, Miss.

SALLY
(ANXIOUS) And you won't… forget me, will you?

SOAMES
Forget you?

SALLY
Forget I'm here?

SOAMES
No, Miss.

SALLY
Good. Thanks, Mr Soames. I'll see you later.

(FX: HE RETREATS, CLOSING THE DOOR. FADE OUT RECEDING FOOTSTEPS)

SALLY
(LONG SIGH AS…)

(FX: SHE SITS ON THE BED; CREAK OF BED-SPRINGS)

SALLY
(MURMURS) So. What now? (ANOTHER LONG EXHALATION) Just… keep it together, girl. Try to work this thing out…

(FX: OFF/OUTSIDE — SCAMPERING, CHILD-LIKE FOOTSTEPS, AS THOUGH A TRIO OF CHILDREN ARE RUNNING UP TO HER DOOR. A PAUSE, THEN… A THUMP AGAINST THE DOOR, AS THOUGH ONE OF THE CHILDREN HAS FALLEN, OR BEEN PUSHED, AGAINST IT)

SALLY
Hello?

(FX: MUFFLED, CHILD-LIKE GIGGLING, BUT DISTORTED, SLURRED, CREEPY)

SALLY
Hello? Is anyone there?

(FX: SQUEAL OF BEDSPRINGS AS SHE RISES. FOOTSTEPS AS SHE CROSSES THE ROOM. A CREAK AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR. SILENCE)

4. INT. UPPER LANDING OUTSIDE SALLY'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

SALLY
(CALLING SOFTLY) Hello?

(FX: STEALTHY CLICK OF A CLOSING DOOR, A FEW FEET AWAY)

SALLY
I heard you — (FX: HURRIES DETERMINEDLY TO DOOR, STOPS) Room 13. Great. (FX: TAPS ON DOOR) Is someone in there?

(SILENCE)

SALLY
O-kay…

(FX: SHE TURNS THE HANDLE; DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

RACHEL
(LOUDLY BEHIND HER) So…

SALLY
(SHOCKED GASP) Oh my [God!] —

RACHEL
… who the hell are you?

SALLY
(ANGRY) Did you have to creep up behind me like that? You scared me half to death!

RACHEL
(DISMISSIVELY) Sorry. So, you a guest here?

SALLY
Sort of. I've just arrived. You?

RACHEL
Been here about an hour. You got a name?

SALLY
I… don't know.

RACHEL
Then you've got mind-wipe syndrome too. Damn. Was hoping you might know what's going on.

SALLY
Sorry.

RACHEL
(NOTICING WRSITBAND) Old Lurch gave you a shackle, then?

SALLY
Shackle?

RACHEL
Wristband. Whatever. Room 18, right?

SALLY
Yes.

RACHEL
I'm in 5. (THOUGHTFULLY) Weird, isn't it?

SALLY
What is?

RACHEL
Your room's back there. But the one just beyond it is mine. Number 5.

SALLY
What sort of place has rooms 5 and 18 right next to each other?

RACHEL
It don't make sense. Nothing about all this makes sense. Have you seen anyone else since you got here? Apart from old Lurch, I mean?

SALLY
No. But I heard something.

RACHEL
What sort of something?

SALLY
I don't know. Children. In here, I think.

RACHEL
Well, then. Guess we'd better take a look.

(FX: CREAK AS RACHEL PUSHES THE DOOR FURTHER OPEN)

5. INT. PLAYROOM (CONTINUOUS)

RACHEL
Well, this'd be the place for them.

(FX: FEET ON BARE BOARDS AS THEY ENTER)

SALLY
It's a nursery. But these dolls look Victorian. That rocking horse too.

RACHEL
Yeah, no PS9s here. And it's full of dust. You sure those kids came in here?

SALLY
Well… I don't suppose they can have, can they? I must have been mistaken.

RACHEL
Easily done, I s'pose. Spooky old place like this.

(FX: OFF, THE LID OF A BOX SUDDENLY FLIES OPEN WITH A BANG, AND WITH A LOUD, JUMP-OUT-OF-YOUR-SKIN 'BOING', A JACK-IN-THE-BOX ERUPTS UPWARDS)

(BOTH GIRLS JUMP, CRYING OUT)

SALLY
(LAUGHING WITH RELIEF) Oh, it's only a jack-in-the-box. It frightened the living daylights out of me.

RACHEL
(ANGRY; SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO SHOW FEAR) What made it jump out like that? We were nowhere near it.

SALLY
The vibrations of our footsteps, perhaps? The mechanism must be sensitive.

RACHEL
Well, there's no-one here. Let's go.

(FX: THEY CROSS THE ROOM AND EXIT, SHUTTING THE DOOR FIRMLY BEHIND THEM)

6. INT. UPPER LANDING (CONTINUOUS)

SALLY
What now?

RACHEL
Let's look around. Explore. Try to work out why we're here.

SALLY
Do you think we should?

RACHEL
Did Lurch tell you you shouldn't?

SALLY
Well… no, but-

RACHEL
(INTERRUPTING) That's settled then.

SALLY
(THOUGHTFULLY) Why do you think we're here?

RACHEL
Dunno. Some kind of experiment maybe.

SALLY
Experiment?

RACHEL
Yeah. You know. Brainwashing. Maybe we're spies on a top secret mission. Or the victims of a mad scientist.

SALLY
(LAUGHS) Sounds a bit far-fetched.

RACHEL
Yeah? So what do you reckon? What's your theory?

SALLY
I haven't got one.

RACHEL
Right. Well, that's useful. (SOFTENING A LITTLE) What do you remember?

SALLY
Being scared. Running. Pushing my way through trees and bushes. Then I saw this house. (APOLOGETIC) That's all, I'm afraid. What about you?

RACHEL
I remember seeing the house. Knocking on the door. Old Lurch telling me I was expected.

SALLY
That's it?

RACHEL
That's it. Before that there's… nothing. No memories except…

SALLY
Except?

RACHEL
Except old Lurch seemed familiar. Just for a second, when he opened the door. Did you think that?

SALLY
I don't know.

RACHEL
Don't know much, do you?

SALLY
Well, neither do you.

RACHEL
We're a right pair, aren't we? (HARD) Maybe we ought to make old Lurch tell us.

SALLY
How?

RACHEL
We could threaten him. Even hurt him a bit.

SALLY
And you'd be prepared to do that, would you?

RACHEL
Why not?

SALLY
Well, for one thing we're not in any immediate danger. And for another, Mr Soames is our only potential ally.

RACHEL
He's our only source of information too.

SALLY
Except for the Master.

RACHEL
Oh yeah. The mysterious Master. Can't say I think much of him. Leaving us to stew in our own juices. Softening us up.

SALLY
Or just allowing us to acclimatise before he makes his appearance?

RACHEL
Trusting little soul, aren't you?

SALLY
Not at all. I just don't automatically think the worst of every situation.

RACHEL
Thinking the worst is the only way to survive, darling.

SALLY
If that's how you think, I feel sorry for you.

RACHEL
Don't patronise me.

SALLY
I'm not. I just… Look. We're in the same situation here. Let's stick together, shall we? Support one another?

RACHEL
How do I know you're not a plant? Put here to gain my trust?

SALLY
Oh, you're impossible!

RACHEL
Wary, that's all.

SALLY
How do I know <u>you're</u> not here to destabilise <u>me</u>?

RACHEL
You don't. Only <u>I</u> know that.

SALLY
Exactly.

RACHEL
Okay. We'll stick together. But that doesn't mean we have to trust each other. Agreed?

SALLY
Agreed.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT — THE WHIRRING CLANK OF A DESCENDING LIFT)

RACHEL
What's that?

SALLY
The lift! Must mean someone's in it. Come on, let's check it out.

(FX: FADE OUT RAPID FOOTSTEPS AS THEY HURRY AWAY)

7. INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: THE DESCENDING WHIRR/CLANK OF THE LIFT, LOUDER NOW. FADE IN SALLY AND RACHEL'S APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

SALLY
(RUNNING UP) At last. It was further away than I thought.

RACHEL
(BEHIND) Quick, press the button or the lift won't stop.

(FX: SALLY'S RUNNING, THUMPING FOOTSTEPS. SHE REACHES THE LIFT, HITS THE BUTTON)

SALLY
(PANTING) Made it!

RACHEL
Nice one.

(FX: THE LIFT WHIRRS AND CLANKS TO A STOP. PAUSE)

SALLY
We'll have to open the gate ourselves. (EFFORT) Give me a hand, will you? This is really stiff.

(FX: BOTH GIRLS GRUNT AND GASP AS THEY HAUL OPEN AN OLD-FASHIONED, CONCERTINA-LIKE LIFT GATE, WHICH CLANKS RUSTILY)

RACHEL
Empty! After all that!

SALLY
Filthy, too. Looks as though it hasn't been used in years. Except…

RACHEL
Except what?

SALLY
Look there. Footprints in the dust. Flat shoes. A man's, possibly.

RACHEL
Probably just Soames.

SALLY
Well, whoever it was, they must have got out higher up and then sent the lift down.

(FX: A CREAK, AS OF STRAINING PULLEYS. THE LIFT SHUDDERS)

RACHEL
Don’t sound too healthy, does it?

SALLY
I think sticking to the stairs might be the safest option.

RACHEL
(TEASING) Not scared, are yer?

SALLY
No. Just careful. Let’s close this and move on.

(FX: CLANKING RATTLE AS THEY CLOSE THE LIFT GATE. FADE)

8. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR

(FX: DOWNSTAIRS, CLOCK STRIKES ONCE FOR HALF-HOUR. FADE UP THE GIRLS' FOOTSTEPS)

SALLY
Half-past five.

RACHEL
Is that all? (STOPPING) It's so piggin' gloomy.
Is there a way of making these gas lamps any brighter?

SALLY
There should be a little wheel on the side.

(FX: TINKERING)

RACHEL
Well, that makes a big difference. Blimey, it's like we've been thrown back to the Dark Ages.

SALLY
Maybe we have.

RACHEL
Hey, look at this. Spooky old mirror. (SPOOKY VOICE) Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? (PAUSE) Guess not me, then.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

SALLY
(THOUGHTFULLY) It's interesting, isn't it?

RACHEL
What is?

SALLY
What we do and don't remember. I'm guessing you remember what year it is?

RACHEL
Course. 2020.

SALLY
Right. So you remember cities and cars and people? And politics and news, things like that?

RACHEL
Yeah.

SALLY
But can you remember where you live? Can you remember members of your family? What you ate for your last meal, even?

RACHEL
No…

SALLY
So what we can remember is the infrastructure, the mechanics, of the society we live in, but not our place within it. For instance, I can easily picture… a meadow on a sunny day. A football crowd. People eating in a restaurant. But I can't relate any of those images to my personal experiences. As far as I'm concerned, I'm a… void.

RACHEL
So what does that mean?

SALLY
I don't know. Maybe we don't exist.

RACHEL
Don't be soft. Course we exist! We're here, aren't we? My heart's beating. If I pinch myself, it hurts.

SALLY
(STOPPING) You know what frightens me more than anything? Being forgotten. I have this fear that one day I'll wake up and no-one will be able to see or hear me. I'll just be… gone.

RACHEL
That won't happen.

SALLY
How do you know? We're half-way there already. We have no focal point, no identity.

RACHEL
We have an identity. We just haven't found it yet.

SALLY
But what if we never find it?

RACHEL
We will.

SALLY
But what if we don't?

RACHEL
Look, just – keep calm, carry on. Let's try some of these doors, shall we? (FX: TWISTS DOORKNOB. DOOR CREAKS OPEN INTO:)

9. INT. OPERATING THEATRE (CONTINUOUS)

RACHEL
Blimey, look at this!

SALLY
It's an operating theatre.

RACHEL
In a hotel? What the hell's going on?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON TILED FLOOR AS SALLY CROSSES TO A SINK. SHE PICKS UP A METAL TRAY, WHICH RATTLES WITH SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS)

SALLY
There's blood on these instruments. Fresh blood.

RACHEL
Nice. (FX: CREAK AS SHE LIFTS A METAL LID) Check out the waste bin. There's blood on these scrubs, too. Remember what I said before? About experiments?

SALLY
(SHUDDERS) Brrr…

RACHEL
You all right? Bit freaked out?

SALLY
It's not that. Didn't you feel it?

RACHEL
Feel what?

SALLY
Something cold. It just… brushed by me.

RACHEL
A draught, you mean? Got to expect it, old house like this. No central heating.

SALLY
It didn't feel like a draught.

RACHEL
So what're you saying? That it was a ghost? (SPOOKY VOICE) Reaching out from beyond the grave with icy fingers?

SALLY
Don't make fun of me.

RACHEL
Well, you got to admit, it's a bit of a cliché. You'll be seeing things next. Hearing unexplained noises.

(FX: OFF/OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR – MUFFLED, CHILD-LIKE GIGGLING, AS BEFORE, THOUGH SLURRED, DISTORTED, SINISTER)

SALLY
Like those, you mean?

RACHEL
Yeah. What the hell –

SALLY
Come on.

(FX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS THEY EXIT INTO:)

10. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

RACHEL
There's nothing here. Which direction did it come from?

SALLY
Down the corridor, look! Door closing!

(FX: A DOOR FURTHER ALONG THE CORRIDOR CLOSES WITH A SHARP BUT STEALTHY CLICK)

RACHEL
(ANGRILY) Someone's mucking us about!

(FX: SHE STOMPS ACROSS, BANGS ON THE DOOR)

RACHEL
Oi, you in there!

(FX: TRIES DOORKNOB – OPENS WITH A CLICK AND A LOUD CREAK)

SALLY
(MUTTERS) Open sesame.

(FX: WALKS THROUGH INTO:)

11. INT. DERELICT INDOOR SWIMMING POOL (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHO HOLLOWLY ON A TILED FLOOR AS THEY ENTER)

SALLY
(SURPRISED) It's a swimming pool! At least… I'm guessing there's water under all those leaves.

RACHEL
(CLEARLY ON EDGE) Well, there's obviously nothing here. Let's go.

SALLY
What do you mean? We've barely had time for a proper look around.

RACHEL
(NERVOUSNESS MAKING HER ANGRY) What's to see? A big empty room with a swimming pool in the middle. Big deal.

SALLY
Something made that noise we heard.

RACHEL
It must've come from another room. Come on, we're wasting our time here.

SALLY
Another room? We saw the door close. We ought to at least have a poke about under these leaves. Pass me that net, would you?

RACHEL
(SCATHINGLY) You honestly think there's something hiding in the water?

SALLY
It's possible. Besides, we don't know for certain that there's any water in there, do we?

(FX: SHE POKES AT THE LEAFY SURFACE OF THE POOL. THE POLE SPLATS THROUGH INTO WATER)

SALLY
Okay, so there is water in there. (FX: SHE RAISES THE POLE. WATER AND SLIME DRIPS FROM IT, ON TO THE LAYER OF LEAVES) Ugh. Pretty rank. Look at all that slime.

RACHEL
(ANXIOUSLY) Nothing could survive under there. Let's go.

SALLY
You know what's weird?

RACHEL
What?

SALLY
Where are the leaves from? I mean, if this was an outdoor pool it would make sense. But this room is sealed up tight. There isn't even a door leading onto a terrace.

RACHEL
Does it matter?

SALLY
It might.

RACHEL
Look, nothing makes sense here. We've already established that. Let's just go.

SALLY
(SIGHS) Okay. I suppose you're right that no-one could hide under there. Not for as long as we've been in the room anyway.

(FX: A SUDDEN DOUBLE-SPLASH, AS OF SOMETHING BRIEFLY BREAKING THE SURFACE BEFORE SUBMERGING AGAIN)

SALLY
What was that?

RACHEL
(RISING ANXIETY) Nothing.

SALLY
It was definitely something.

RACHEL
Just an air bubble. Come on. (FX: SHE STOMPS AWAY)

SALLY
(SCEPTICAL) An air bubble? (FOLLOWING) Hey, hang about —

(FX: FADE)

12. INT. MAIN HALLWAY

(FX: THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX)

13. INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: FADE UP. GIRLS WALKING TO STOP)

RACHEL
Which way now, d'you think?

SALLY
I think this place is… strange. Corridors leading on and on, twisting round and around [and —]

RACHEL
(SEES SOMETHING) That wasn't here.

SALLY
What?

RACHEL
Words, on the wall — see? They weren't here when we went into the pool room.

SALLY
You're sure-?

RACHEL
(READING) 'You Are Mine'. (POINTING) Same there. And *there*. On the ceiling, even.

(FX: CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS AS RACHEL CROSSES TO THE WALL)

SALLY
(QUIETLY) Whoever it was did this, they didn't write it.

RACHEL
What do you mean?

SALLY
These words have been burned into the plaster.

RACHEL
Burned? How?

SALLY
I don't know. With a blowtorch, [maybe?]

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY A LOUD BANG FROM DOWN CORRIDOR — OPEN WINDOW BANGING AGAINST FRAME)

RACHEL/SALLY
(CRY OUT, STARTLED)

RACHEL
(BARK OF LAUGHTER) It's okay. It's just the window down the end there, look.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AS THEY HURRY DOWN CORRIDOR)

SALLY
(WALKING) Perhaps whoever did all this —

RACHEL
(WALKING) Climbed in and out of the window? (STOPPING) We're four flights up now —

SALLY
(EXCLAMATION, LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW) Hey! Then who's that?

RACHEL
What?

SALLY
Some bloke. On the path there.

(FX: RACHEL BANGS ON THE WINDOW)

RACHEL
Oi! You down there! (BEAT) No use, he's gone. Disappeared round the side of the house. Did you get a proper look at him?

SALLY
Only for a second. Dark jacket. White hat. Didn't look like Soames.

SALLY
Come on. Let's check it out.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS. FADE)

14. EXT. GROUNDS

(FX: FADE UP. WIND; SCRAPE AND RUSTLE OF FOLIAGE. THE CLUNK OF A LATCH AND A CREAK AS THE MAIN DOOR OPENS)

SALLY
It's freezing out here.

RACHEL
Come on!

(FX: CRACKLING, RAPID FOOTSTEPS AS THEY HURRY ALONG THE OVERGROWN PATH THAT SNAKES AROUND THE HOUSE. EVENTUALLY FOOTSTEPS SLOW, STOP)

RACHEL
(PANTING) I think this is where we saw him. Yeah, there's the window of the room we were in.

SALLY
(PANTING) You're sure?

RACHEL
Pretty sure. It's one of that row anyway. I recognise this tree.

SALLY
This place might be run-down, but it's huge. I wish I knew where we were.

RACHEL
Maybe there's a library or something inside, with books on the local area.

SALLY
Maybe. (PAUSE) Well, there's no sign of our mysterious man. Maybe he went back into the hotel.

RACHEL
Or he could've gone to ground. For all we know, he might be watching us right now.

SALLY
Comforting thought. Shall we head back?

RACHEL
Let's walk all the way round. We might learn something.

(FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS RESUME; MORE LEISURELY NOW. OFF/HIGH ABOVE — A SUDDEN LOUD CRACKLING FLASH, LIKE A FIERY BURST OF ELECTRICITY)

RACHEL
Did you see that?

SALLY
I saw something. Lightning?

RACHEL
No, it came from inside.

SALLY
Inside?

RACHEL
Up there. Top of that turret. Huge flash of blue light at the window.

SALLY
An explosion maybe?

RACHEL
No, it was more like… oh, I dunno… a camera flash or something.

SALLY
Hell of a camera.

RACHEL
Well, maybe it was a telly blowing up.

SALLY
No electricity, remember.

RACHEL
(EXASPERATED SIGH) All right, Miss Smartypants. What do you think it was?

SALLY
(HALF-JOKINGLY) Maybe there is a mad scientist up there.

RACHEL
(HESITANTLY) I think… No, it don't matter.

SALLY
What?

RACHEL
When the light flashed, I saw something else. At the window. A figure.

SALLY
A person, you mean?

RACHEL
Maybe.

SALLY
Well… was it or wasn't it?

RACHEL
I dunno. There was something weird about it.

SALLY
In what way?

RACHEL
It was only in silhouette. Back-lit, so maybe I didn't see it clearly. But it looked… too tall for a normal person. And too thin. And its hands and head looked long and narrow, as if they'd been stretched. (SNORTS A NERVOUS LAUGH) Like I say, I didn't get a proper look.

SALLY
Did it seem male or female?

RACHEL
Male maybe? The head looked smooth. Bald.

(PAUSE AS THEY TAKE THIS IN)

SALLY
(DECISIVELY) Come on. Let's find the nearest door and go back inside.

(FX: FADE OUT FOOTSTEPS ON GRIT)

15. INT. KITCHEN

(FX: CLUNK OF AN OPENING DOOR. POT BUBBLING GENTLY ON STOVE)

RACHEL
Something smells good.

SALLY
Mr Soames did say that dinner was at seven. This must be it.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON TILED FLOOR AS RACHEL CROSSES THE ROOM. SCRAPE OF A METAL BUCKET ON A WOODEN TABLE AS SHE DRAGS IT CLOSER AND TILTS IT. FISH GUTS SLOP HEAVILY INSIDE)

RACHEL
Judging by this bucketful of guts, we're having fish.

SALLY
(RUEFULLY) Yum.

RACHEL
So what's in the pot? Severed head? Pet rabbit?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON TILES AS SALLY CROSSES TO THE COOKER. FADE UP SOUND OF BUBBLING POT)

SALLY
Potatoes. (FX: OFF – THE 'ZING' OF STEEL ON STEEL AS RACHEL EXTRACTS A KNIFE FROM A METAL RACK ON THE WALL) Hey, what are you doing?

RACHEL
Taking one of these knives.

SALLY
What for?

RACHEL
Defend myself with.

SALLY
Defend yourself against what?

RACHEL
Who knows? That thing in the tower room maybe.

SALLY
(LAUGHS) You're paranoid, you know that?

RACHEL
Take my advice, darling. Always be prepared.

SALLY
But you can't just go round stealing things.

RACHEL
Who's gonna know? Hardly a case of too many cooks in here, is it?

(FX: A BELL TINKLES, ONE OF A ROW OF SMALL SERVANTS' BELLS ON THE WALL)

SALLY
(SNIGGERS) You rang m'lud?

RACHEL
Come on, let's scarper before we're rumbled. See if we can find this tower.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON TILES AS THEY CROSS TO THE INTERNAL DOOR. AFTER A FEW STEPS THE BELL TINKLES AGAIN)

RACHEL
Someone's impatient.

(FX: THE TINKLING BELL CONTINUES AND IS JOINED BY ANOTHER)

SALLY
Very impatient. I wonder if-

(FX: SUDDENLY ALL THE BELLS START RINGING AT ONCE, A HIDEOUS CACOPHONY, DROWNING OUT HER WORDS)

RACHEL
(SHOUTING) What the hell's this? Fire drill?

SALLY
(SHOUTING) Let's get out before they drive us mad.

(FX: CROSSFADE FROM CACOPHONY OF BELLS TO:)

16. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

(FX: WELL OFF, DOWNSTAIRS CLOCK STRIKES ONCE FOR HALF-HOUR)

RACHEL
(TRUDGING TO HALT) Listen. Half-six.

SALLY
Soon be dinner time.

RACHEL
(SUDDEN FRUSTRATION) Oh, this is insane! How can that tower not exist?

SALLY
It does exist. We know it exists because we've seen it.

RACHEL
But we've looked everywhere. I'm sick of the sight of corridors and staircases.

SALLY
There must be a route we haven't discovered yet, that's all. We just have to be methodical.

RACHEL
Easier said than done. This place is a maze. We're like rats chasing our tails.

SALLY
(RELUCTANTLY) Maybe…

RACHEL
Maybe what?

SALLY
I hate to say this, but maybe the tower's only accessible via the lift.

RACHEL
You want to try it?

SALLY
Do you?

RACHEL
I'm game if you are.

SALLY
From what I remember, it's back this way. (FX: THEY EXIT. FADE)

17. INT. CORRIDOR NEARBY – BESIDE LIFT

(FX: FADE UP)

SALLY
(FX: WALKING TO HALT) Here we are. (FX: PRESSES BUTTON. PAUSE) Oh.

RACHEL
What?

SALLY
It doesn't seem to be working.

RACHEL
Press the button again.

SALLY
I've pressed it once.

RACHEL
Well, press it harder. Here, let me.

(FX: SHE JABS AT THE BUTTON SEVERAL TIMES)

SALLY
You see?

RACHEL
Damn thing. It's like it knows what we're up to. It's like the whole house knows, and it's working against us. Playing with us.

SALLY
You're being paranoid.

RACHEL
Oh, am I?

SALLY
Well, listen to yourself. You're suggesting that the house is somehow… alive. Intelligent.

RACHEL
All right, well maybe it's not the house then. But someone somewhere is watching us. Manipulating us. Take it from me, darling, someone means us harm.

SALLY
You're such a pessimist.

RACHEL
No, I'm a realist. You should try it sometime.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT — FIST BANGING ON WOOD; CLANG OF THE FRONT DOOR BELL)

SALLY
Someone's arrived.

RACHEL
(NON-PLUSSED) Whoopee. Hope they've brought a bottle. We can have a party.

SALLY
Come on, let's say hello.

(FX: HER FOOTSTEPS, MOVING AWAY)

RACHEL
(MUTTERS) Yeah, let's.

CUT TO:

18. INT. MAIN HALLWAY

(FX: SALLY'S FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE STAIRS THROUGH:)

SOAMES
(TO TOBY, BEING MENACED) I already told you, gentlemen — the Master will explain [everything] —

TOBY
Everything, yeah. Only I don't feel like waiting. Cough up, you ghastly old retainer!

JEROME
What is this place? What's going on?

SALLY
(FX: FROM OFF, DESCENDING STAIRS) Hey! You two! No need for the rough stuff!

SOAMES
(GASPS AS TOBY RELAXES HIS GRIP)

TOBY
(FLIRTING) Well, hello there, gorgeous. And who might you be?

SALLY
(FX: STEPPING OFF STAIRS, WALKING FORWARD) No idea. Number 18?

TOBY
Right. Well, delighted to meet you, 18. Apparently I'm 12 and this chap here is 16.

JEROME
Hi.

SALLY
You arrived together?

TOBY
In a manner of speaking.

(FX: CREAK OF RACHEL'S FOOTSTEPS AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS BEHIND SALLY)

RACHEL
Do you two know each other?

TOBY
My cup runneth over. Is this place full of beautiful women?

RACHEL
Just answer the question, pal.

JEROME
We met a few minutes ago.

TOBY
What 16 means is that he sneaked up on me. Nearly gave me a coronary.

JEROME
I didn't sneak. I saw you on the path ahead. I called out.

SALLY
Can either of you remember how you got here?

TOBY
Not a clue. Must've been one hell of a party.

RACHEL
You a moron or what?

TOBY
Hmm. I think you need to work on those chat-up lines, sweetheart.

JEROME
Where are we? What's going on?

SALLY
We don't know.

RACHEL
(RAISING HER VOICE) Why don't you try asking <u>him?</u> Mr Sinister Soames, lurking in the corner?

SOAMES
(OFF; ACROSS THE HALLWAY) As I've already explained, Miss, I'm not at liberty to —

RACHEL
I don't <u>care</u> whether you're at 'liberty' or not, pal. I'm sick and tired of being given the runaround. Grab him, boys!

TOBY
That's more like it. I do <u>love</u> a commanding woman.

(FX: TOBY & JEROME GRAB SOAMES THROUGH:)

SALLY
No. No! I already said!

RACHEL
Sorry, 18. Hold him there!

SOAMES
Please… I can't tell you anything.

RACHEL
I think you can. (FX: PUNCHES SOAMES IN GUT)

SOAMES
(CRY OF PAIN)

TOBY
(WINCING) Ooh.

SALLY
5!!!

JEROME
Yeah, go easy, girl.

RACHEL
Come on, Mr Soames. Talk.

SOAMES
(IN PAIN) I can't…

RACHEL
You can and you will.

SALLY
Or what? You'll torture him?

RACHEL
We have a right to know what's happening here.

TOBY
You tell 'em, sweetheart.

SOAMES
I can't tell you anything. If I did, it would place us all in jeopardy.

RACHEL
We just want to know what <u>you</u> know.

SOAMES
Please… The Master will tell you as much as he can.

RACHEL
So why doesn't this precious <u>Master</u> show himself? Why is he keeping us waiting?

(FX: RIGHT ON CUE A CLOCK BEGINS STRIKING SEVEN. SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE WHIRR OF THE DESCENDING LIFT)

SALLY
(FX: RUSHING OVER) The lift!

JEROME
(FX: FOLLOWING, WITH OTHERS) Someone's coming!

(FX: IT COMES TO A HALT TO COINCIDE WITH THE END OF THE SEVENTH STRIKE. BEAT. GATES CLANK OPEN, SMOOTHLY THIS TIME)

TOBY
Well now. And who might you be?

DOCTOR
Good evening, everyone. I'm the Doctor. And I believe it's dinner time.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

(FX: THE WHIRR OF THE DESCENDING LIFT)

SALLY
(FX: RUSHING OVER) The lift!

JEROME
(FX: FOLLOWING, WITH OTHERS) Someone's coming!

(FX: IT COMES TO A HALT. GATES CLANK OPEN, SMOOTHLY THIS TIME)

TOBY
Well now. And who might you be?

DOCTOR
Good evening, everyone. I'm the Doctor. And I believe it's dinner time.

(CONTINUES INTO:)

19. INT. BLUEFIRE HOUSE. MAIN HALLWAY (CONTINUED)

SALLY
A doctor? You're a medical man?

DOCTOR
Not exclusively.

JEROME
A shrink, then? Is this some sort of nut house?

DOCTOR
Very astute. But no. You're not mad, if that's what you think.

RACHEL
We were told to expect the Master at seven.

DOCTOR
(ALARMED) The Master?

SALLY
The Master of the house. Mr Soames said he'd tell us what was going on.

DOCTOR
Ah. In that case, that would be me.

JEROME
You own this place?

DOCTOR
Not strictly, no.

RACHEL
What are you then? The caretaker?

DOCTOR
Let's just say that this is a controlled environment, one which we can all understand. (RAISES VOICE, TAKING CHARGE) I suggest we all convene in the dining room. If you wouldn't mind unhanding Mr Soames, I'm sure he'll serve us an excellent dinner.

20. INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP CLATTER OF SERVING TROLLEY AS SOAMES PUSHES IT ROUND THE TABLE, SERVING SOUP. HE HALTS BESIDE THE DOCTOR)

SOAMES
Soup, sir?

DOCTOR
Thank you, Mr Soames. Mulligatawny, isn't it?

SOAMES
(FX: LADLING SOUP) Yes, sir.

(FX: SOAMES EXITS THROUGH:)

DOCTOR
(SLURPING HIS SOUP) Splendid. Reminds me of a little place in the Khyber Pass —

RACHEL
(INTERRUPTING) Never mind that. We've been waiting long enough. Tell us what we need to know.

DOCTOR
(FIRMLY) Aquaphobia.

RACHEL
What?

DOCTOR
The morbid fear of water. Isn't that your particular bugbear, Ms 5?

RACHEL
What if it is? What's that got to do with anything?

DOCTOR
And you, Mr 12. A rather exotic fear of mirrors, correct?

TOBY
(WARILY) 'Catoptrophobia', they call it. Fantastic fact.

DOCTOR
And you, Mr 16…?

JEROME
Mine's cockroaches. I don't know the word for it. I've had a thing about them since I was a kid.

SALLY
So we're all phobic about something. Who isn't?

TOBY
Hang on, darling. What's your particular Achilles Heel? Just to get the full set, you understand?

SALLY
I have athazagoraphobia. It's the fear of being forgotten or ignored. And please don't call me 'darling'.

TOBY
And what about you, Dr whatever-your-name-is? What gives you the heebie-jeebies?

DOCTOR
Oh, the universe is full of terrors, Mr 12. You couldn't begin to imagine…

RACHEL
So that's why we're here, is it? Because we're all phobic?

DOCTOR
In a way. (SLURPING) This really is excellent soup.

RACHEL
See? I was right. This is an experiment.

SALLY
Is that true, Doctor? Are you here to experiment on us? Or to cure us?

DOCTOR
Neither. I'm here to rescue you.

JEROME
Rescue us?

DOCTOR
It's what I do. (SLURPS)

TOBY
(LAUGHS) No disrespect, old man, but 16 and I are not exactly damsels-in-distress. So if the ladies here need protecting -

RACHEL
I can take care of myself, thanks. I don't need some knuckle-head looking out for me.

TOBY
(AMUSED) Well, it's a step up from 'moron', I suppose.

SALLY
Shut up, you two. I want to hear what the Doctor has to say. What do we need rescuing from, Doctor?

DOCTOR
That's a very good question.

RACHEL
And are you going to give us a very good answer?

DOCTOR
In time. The important thing now is that you stick together, refuse to give in to your fears.

SALLY
Are you suggesting we're about to come under attack? Because if so, I'd appreciate knowing what we're up against. Forewarned is forearmed.

DOCTOR
Not in this case, believe me.

TOBY
Well, that's just it, old man. Why should we believe you?

JEROME
And why not just tell us? Don't you think we can handle the truth?

DOCTOR
That's not it.

SALLY
(FRUSTRATED) So what is, Doctor? What's so terrible that we're better off not knowing about it?

RACHEL
Isn't it obvious what he's doing? He's on some sort of power trip.

DOCTOR
It's a question of power, certainly. But not mine.

RACHEL
Stop talking in riddles. What does that mean?

DOCTOR
All I can tell you is that something ancient and foul has emerged from the wilderness and drawn you to this house. And that speaking of it will only strengthen it.

SALLY
What do you mean, ‘drawn’ us here?

DOCTOR
I’ve said too much already. You’ll just have to trust me for now.

RACHEL
Why should we do that?

DOCTOR
Because I’m the only one who can help you.

TOBY
And what’s to stop us walking out of here right now?

DOCTOR
There’s nowhere to go.

RACHEL
We’ll see about that. (FX: SCRAPE OF CHAIR AS SHE STANDS UP) Who’s with me?

(FX: SCRAPE OF CHAIR)

TOBY
Count me in, sweetheart.

DOCTOR
Why don’t you humans ever listen?

RACHEL
‘You humans’? So what are you? A super hero?

DOCTOR
It’s imperative that you stay together.

RACHEL
We will – as long as we’re all going in the same direction. You two coming?

SALLY
No, I’m staying here.

RACHEL
Don’t tell me you believe this weirdo?

SALLY
I don’t know. But we’ve seen and heard plenty here we can’t explain.

RACHEL
Magic tricks. I can't believe you're so gullible.

TOBY
What about you, soldier?

JEROME
Why d'you call me that?

TOBY
Just a turn of phrase. You coming or not?

JEROME
No. I think I'll stay here too.

RACHEL
Please yourselves. Well? Not going to try and stop us, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Your minds are clearly made up.

RACHEL
You got that right. Well… see you around. Or not.

TOBY
Yes, cheerio. Have fun.

(FX: THEY MOVE AWAY; OPEN THE MAIN DOOR WITH A CREAK; BANG IT SHUT BEHIND THEM)

SALLY
What will they find out there, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Disappointment. Confusion. Fear.

JEROME
Will they be okay?

(FX: CLOCK BONGS ONCE FOR HALF-SEVEN, OFF)

DOCTOR
Finish your soup. It's getting cold.

21. EXT. GROUNDS

(FX: WIND; RUSTLE OF FOLIAGE; FOOTSTEPS TRUDGING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH)

TOBY
(WALKING) What say we find a nice country pub and get to know one another properly?

RACHEL
(WALKING) How can we do that when we have no idea who we are?

TOBY
(WALKING) Well, that's my point, sweetheart. A good chat to jog the old brainbox, grease the cogs as it were…

(FX: RACHEL'S FOOTSTEPS STOP ABRUPTLY, THEN TOBY'S)

TOBY
Something the matter?

RACHEL
Call me 'sweetheart' one more time, and I'll swing for you. (WALKS)

TOBY
Duly noted. (WALKS) So what shall I call you? '5'?

RACHEL
(WALKING) Don't call me anything.

TOBY
(WALKING) Bit unfriendly.

RACHEL
(STOPS) I'm not interested in making friends. I just want to get out of here and find out who I am.

TOBY
(STOPPED) Me too. But there's nothing to stop us being civil. We are in the same boat, after all.

RACHEL
We might be deadly enemies in real life.

TOBY
Or husband and wife. Have you thought about that?

RACHEL
God forbid.

TOBY
Oh, thanks a bunch. (PAUSE) Look, I meant what I said… about talking, I mean.

RACHEL
(SIGH) Okay then – talk.

TOBY
All right. Where to start?

RACHEL
Tell me about your phobia. Mirrors, isn't it?

TOBY
Yes.

RACHEL
What is it about them that frightens you?

TOBY
Well… I know it sounds loopy, but I've always had this idea that if I look into a mirror I'll see someone else looking back at me. Someone who isn't me, I mean. Either that, or…

RACHEL
Or?

TOBY
… or that I'll see something standing behind me. Something terrible.

22. INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: TICKING OF GRANDFATHER CLOCK; SCRAPE AND CLATTER OF CUTLERY/CROCKERY)

SOAMES
Beef or trout, sir?

DOCTOR
Trout, I think, Mr Soames. Stimulates the brain cells.

(FX: 'TINK' OF SERVING TONGS AGAINST CHINA AS SOAMES TRANSFERS A PORTION OF FISH FROM PLATTER TO PLATE)

SOAMES
And for you, miss?

SALLY
(DISTRACTED) Er… yes, I'll have the trout too. Look, what is this, Doctor?

(FX: SOAMES SERVING SALLY THROUGH:)

DOCTOR
It smells like a ginger and rosemary sauce, unless I'm much mistaken.

SALLY
I don't mean the food. I mean why are we just sitting here? Having dinner?

DOCTOR
Aren't you hungry?

JEROME:
(TO SOAMES) Beef, mate. Cheers.

SOAMES:
Sir. (FX: SERVING THROUGH:)

SALLY
That's beside the point! You talked about something ancient and foul coming out of the wilderness. You intimated we were about to come under attack. Shouldn't we be doing something? Trying to escape like the others?

DOCTOR
A pointless exercise. (BEGINS EATING) Eat, eat!

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, SOAMES DEPARTS, WHEELING TROLLEY)

JEROME
I don't get it. You said you were here to rescue us.

DOCTOR
(MOUTH FULL) And so I am.

JEROME
But how can you rescue us if there's no escape?

DOCTOR
I'm waiting for a door to open.

SALLY
What kind of door?

DOCTOR
I'll know it when I see it.

SALLY
You have no idea what you're doing, do you?

DOCTOR
Of course I know what I'm doing! (PAUSE) I'm just not entirely sure what I'll be doing five minutes from now. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that it pays to be flexible.

JEROME
So this foul and ancient thing? Is it on its way?

DOCTOR
It's already here.

JEROME
(NERVOUSLY) Really?

SALLY
Where is it?

DOCTOR
In the shadows. Biding its time.

SALLY
Why doesn't it attack?

DOCTOR
Because I'm here. And it doesn't know what I am. Yet.

23. EXT. GROUNDS

(FX: WIND; RUSTLE OF FOLIAGE)

TOBY
What about you? Your fear of water?

RACHEL
It's something I've learned to live with.

TOBY
So it's drowning you're afraid of?

RACHEL
It wouldn't be a phobia if it was that simple. (PAUSE) Water makes me anxious. It's like a predator without a face, a killer without mercy. I hate the way it moves. It's… muscular. Sinewy. It just keeps going, no matter what.

TOBY
It's running water you don't like, then?

RACHEL
No. Its stillness bothers me too. It's like it's waiting. The fact that you can't see beneath the surface – as if it's hiding something.

TOBY
Keeping clean must be tricky.

RACHEL
(SNAPS) Are you making fun of me?

TOBY
Absolutely not. You're looking at a man who can't shave without getting the sweats, remember.

RACHEL
(SUBDUED LAUGH) I can manage showers. But not baths – and definitely not swimming pools. Under the water it's another world. Heavy and airless and dark. I get breathless just talking about it…

TOBY
Best not then. Let's change the subject.

RACHEL
But it makes me angry. It's irrational, stupid. Besides, this is what we should be talking about. It's the only thing that defines us here. How long have you had your fear of mirrors? Where does it come from?

TOBY
No idea.

RACHEL
Have you ever seen anything in a mirror? Anything that frightened you?

TOBY
(ANXIOUS) I'm not sure… I can't remember.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT, LOUD RUSTLE OF WIND THROUGH THE TREES – BUT SUBTLY DISTORTED… MORE LIKE A BRIEF, ROARING GUSH OF WATER)

RACHEL
What was that?

TOBY
Just the wind.

RACHEL
You sure?

TOBY
Yes. What did you think it was?

RACHEL
Nothing. I didn't think it was anything… (RELUCTANTLY) It sounded like water. Just for a second. (NERVOUS LAUGH) This place must be getting to me.

TOBY
How far have we come, do you think?

RACHEL
Dunno. A mile? These bushes and trees are so thick it's difficult to judge.

(FX: SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED STING OF MUSIC, A FLASH OF SOUND, ZINGY AND METALLIC – SOMETHING TO MAKE THE LISTENERS JUMP)

TOBY
(GASP) Did you see that?

RACHEL
What?

TOBY
Something in the trees, just there. A flash of movement.

RACHEL
A person, you mean?

TOBY
I'm not sure. It looked… silvery. Formless but fast. It seemed to reflect the light.

RACHEL
(SPOOKED) Like water?

TOBY
(ALSO SPOOKED) Or glass…

24. INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: TICKING OF GRANDFATHER CLOCK; SCRAPE AND CLATTER OF CUTLERY/CROCKERY AS THEY EAT)

SALLY
What are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR
To our friend? A juicy morsel. Not unlike this last piece of fish. (SWALLOWS) Delicious. (FX: SETS CUTLERY ON PLATE) Thank you, Soames.

SOAMES:
(WALKING FORWARD) Sir.

SALLY
You're saying you're, I don't know, bait?

DOCTOR
More of a distraction. A glittering trinket to catch the eye.

SALLY
So you're hoping to get this thing's attention while we [slip out the back door, as it were?]

SOAMES
(TO JEROME) Finished, sir?

JEROME
(DISTRACTED) What? Oh… yeah.

SOAMES
In that case, I'll take your plate, if I may?

JEROME:
Go for it.

(FX: SOAMES PICKS UP THE PLATE — AND A COCKROACH EMERGES FROM BENEATH IT: RAPID, CLICKING, SCUTTLING LEGS. JEROME LEAPS OUT OF HIS SEAT: SCRAPE/SQUEAL OF CHAIR LEGS SCUDDING ACROSS THE FLOOR; CRASH AS THE CHAIR FALLS OVER)

JEROME
(SHOCK AND DISGUST) Oh, no-! No, no, no!

SALLY
What's the matter?

JEROME
(FREAKED) Didn't you see that? Didn't any of you see that <u>thing</u>?

SOAMES
I'm afraid I saw nothing, sir.

JEROME
You must have done! It was this big. It ran right across the table and over the side. (SHUDDER OF REVULSION)

SALLY
What did? What was it?

JEROME
A cockroach. A great big cockroach.

DOCTOR
It's started.

SALLY
What has? The attack, you mean?

DOCTOR
Yes. What you saw wasn't real, Mr 16.

JEROME
It so was.

DOCTOR
It might look real. It might even feel real. But it's a manifestation of your fear, lifted directly from your mind. You must fight it. Deny it. (FX: SCRAPE OF CHAIR AS THE DOCTOR STANDS) Stay here.

SALLY
Where are you going?

DOCTOR
Our enemy has come out into the open. That makes it vulnerable. (FX: FOOTSTEPS MOVING RAPIDLY AWAY)

SALLY
Yes, but where are you going, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Hunting!

25. EXT. GROUNDS/MAZE

(FX: RUSTLE OF FOLIAGE; SNAP AND CRACKLE OF BRANCHES THROUGH SCENE AS RACHEL AND TOBY STRUGGLE TO MAKE HEADWAY)

RACHEL
(PRICKED) Ow! These thorns. They're lethal.

TOBY
Let's hope not. (GRUNTS AS HE TRIES TO HACK A WAY THROUGH) It would help if we could find some open ground. But it's all so wild.

RACHEL
Just tangles of brambles and nettles and dead trees. No walls or fields, no sound of traffic… What was it that Doctor said? That there was nowhere to go? Maybe he meant it literally. Maybe we're dead and this is limbo…

TOBY
And that little Doctor chap is the Devil Incarnate, eh?

RACHEL
Who knows?

(FX: OFF/HIGH UP, THE BRIEF RUSHING, WAVE-LIKE SOUND AGAIN; LOUD AND SUDDEN, WITH A SENSE OF MOVEMENT, OF FLOWING FROM ONE SET OF TREES TO ANOTHER)

RACHEL
That sound again. It came from behind us.

TOBY
Just wind in the treetops.

RACHEL
So how come the treetops aren't moving?

(EERIE SILENCE)

TOBY
It comes and goes. Nothing odd about that. Shall we press on or look for another route?

RACHEL
(SIGHS) I don't think we'll get through here. What time is it, do you reckon?

TOBY
Haven't a clue.

RACHEL
Impossible to tell by the sky. It just looks grey.

TOBY
Well, at least that proves we're still in England. Come on, old girl, chin up. Best foot forward.

RACHEL
Hang on. Look. Through the trees there. What's that?

TOBY
(GRUNTING) Let me just… trample down this… damn bush. (FX: TRAMPLING SOUNDS) Well, I'll be jiggered… It's a maze! A big one too. Looks like this isn't an unchartered wilderness, after all.

RACHEL
Never liked mazes. Creepy things.

TOBY
Is that a specific memory breaking through?

RACHEL
No. Just a gut reaction.

TOBY
Might be a clue to your past, though. You're clearly a woman who likes to be in control.

RACHEL
Don't psychoanalyse me. Let's go.

(FX: THEY MOVE ON. FADE)

26. INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: CLOCK BEGINS STRIKING EIGHT. SIMULTANEOUSLY, SOAMES CLEARING CUTLERY/CROCKERY AWAY THROUGH:)

JEROME
That's eight o'clock now. What should we do?

SALLY
The Doctor said to stay here.

JEROME
You think he's on the level?

SALLY
My instinct is to trust him. Does that make me naïve?

JEROME
Damned if I know.

SOAMES
Your desert plate, sir?

JEROME
Yeah, course.

SALLY
That was a delicious gateau, Mr Soames. Did you make it yourself?

(FX: SOAMES'S FOOTSTEPS MOVING AWAY)

SALLY
(TAKEN ABACK) How rude. Did you see that? He completely blanked me.

(SILENCE, ASIDE FROM FX: TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK)

SALLY
16? Hey, Earth to 16?

(SILENCE)

SALLY
(RAISING HER VOICE) Hey! 16! Oi!

(SILENCE)

SALLY
(SUDDEN REALISATION) You can't — you can't see me, can you? See me, or hear me… (DEEP BREATH) Okay. This is all in my head. I've just got to fight it, like the Doctor said.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

SOAMES
Coffee, sir?

JEROME
Er… yeah, thanks.

(FX: POURING OF COFFEE)

SALLY
I'd like some too. (DETERMINEDLY) I can make you see me, you know. All I have to do is pick up the milk jug and throw it in your stupid faces. Easy. So —

SOAMES
(TO JEROME) Would you like me to leave the pot, sir?

JEROME
Yeah, t'rific.

SALLY
This is — this is too weird. My hand went right through it, like… like I'm a hologram or something!

SOAMES
(FX: CLUNK OF COFFEE POT ON TABLE) If you should need anything else, just call.

JEROME
Will do. Cheers.

(FX: SOAMES'S RECEDING FOOTSTEPS)

SALLY
(SUDDEN PANIC) Mr Soames! 16! I'm here! It's me! I'm here!!! (REALISES SHE'S LOSING IT; DEEP BREATHS TO BRING HERSELF UNDER CONTROL) Okay. Come on, girl. Calm down. Don't let it get to you. (A COUPLE MORE DEEP BREATHS, THEN LOUDLY) Hey. Hey!!! Whoever you are that's doing this, it won't work. I know I exist. I know I'm me. You might have tricked 16 and Mr Soames, but you won't trick the Doctor. He'll see through your stupid mind games. (VOICE FALTERS) He has to…

27. EXT. MAZE

RACHEL
(STOPPING) Oh, this is hopeless-!

TOBY
Perhaps we should try back this way.

RACHEL
That's what you said two minutes ago about this route.

TOBY
I'd swear the bushes are moving about when we're not looking.

RACHEL
Don't be stupid. It's just a maze. That's what you're supposed to think.

TOBY
Or that's what it *wants* you to [think.]

(FX: APPROACHING WIND/RUSH OF WATER, SOFT AT FIRST, BUT GETTING LOUDER. THREATENING, OMINOUS — AN ONCOMING STORM)

RACHEL
Shhh!

TOBY
(HUSHED) What is it?

RACHEL
(TERRIFIED) Something's coming.

28. INT. DINING ROOM/HALLWAY

(FX: TICKING OF GRANDFATHER CLOCK; GENTLE CLINK OF TEACUP ON SAUCER)

JEROME
That is good coffee. (RUEFULLY) Talking to yourself. Nice one, mate. First sign of madness.

SALLY
You're not talking to yourself, 16. You're talking to me. Only you don't know it.

(FX: FLURRY OF INSECTILE RUSTLING, AS OF MANY INSECTS MOVING IN THE WALLS; CLATTER OF CUP ON SAUCER AS JEROME JUMPS)

JEROME
(SPOOKED) Who's there? (PAUSE) Mr Soames? Is that you?

SALLY
(TRIUMPHANTLY) You heard me! (THEN DOUBT CREEPS IN) You did hear me, didn't you?

JEROME
(EXHALES; MUTTERS) Okay. Calm down. Chill the pill. (POSH ACCENT) Another cup of coffee, sir? Don't mind if I do, squire.

(FX: POURS COFFEE. THEN — SCUTTLING, RUSTLING AS ANOTHER COCKROACH RUNS ACROSS THE TABLE)

JEROME
(SEES COCKROACH, SQUEALS IN FEAR)

(FX: BANG/CRASH/TINKLING OF CROCKERY AS JEROME DROPS THE COFFEE POT, BREAKING THE CUP; LIQUID SPILLS EVERYWHERE)

SALLY
(ALARMED) Are you all right? 16? What did you see?

JEROME
Mr Soames! Mr Soames!!!

SOAMES
(HURRYING IN) What is it, sir?

JEROME
I saw another one of those filthy cockroaches. Ran right across the table.

SOAMES
Are you sure, sir?

(FX: CUT TO JEROME'S POV – SKITTERING OF MILLIONS OF COCKROACHES, ALL AROUND; UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS, IN THE WALLS)

JEROME
There's – there's more of them. They're everywhere. Under the floorboards. In the walls. Can't you hear them, in the walls?

(FX: CUT BACK TO SILENCE, ASIDE FROM FX: TICKING CLOCK)

SOAMES
I can't hear anything, sir.

SALLY
Me neither.

JEROME
Thousands of them. Moving about. Listen!!!

SALLY
It's all in your head, 16. Understand, it's all in your head!

SOAMES
You appear to have scalded your hand, sir. On the coffee pot. I'll get you a cold compress.

JEROME
I'm not imagining it, Mr Soames-!

SOAMES
I don't doubt it, sir. I won't be a moment.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS HURRYING AWAY)

JEROME
(MUTTERS) Gotta get a grip, man…

SALLY
Think about what the Doctor said. It's all in your mind, 16. It's not real.

JEROME
(TO SELF) They're not real. They *can't* be real.

(FX: BACK TO JEROME'S POV – INSECTILE RUSTLING IN THE WALLS)

JEROME
(MUTTERING) You're not real. You're not real.

(FX: THE INSECTILE RUSTLING IN HIS HEAD GETS LOUDER STILL)

JEROME
(LOSING IT) No! You're not real! You're not!

SALLY
(SHOUTING) There's nothing there, 16. Don't give in to it!

JEROME
(TO COCKROACHES) Stay away! Stay away from me!!!

SALLY
16! Please!

(FX: CUT BACK TO NORMAL ATMOS)

JEROME
(RUSHING TO DOOR) Mr Soames! Mr Soames, come quickly! I can see them! They're everywhere! Mr Soames! Help me!

SALLY
Don't go, 16. Stand your ground. You mustn't go!

(FX: JEROME RUSHES OUT INTO HALLWAY)

JEROME
Mr Soames!!!

(FX: BRIEF CUT BACK TO JEROME'S POV – COCKROACHES SWARMING AFTER HIM)

JEROME
They're coming after me! Mr Soames!!!

(FX: BACK TO NORMAL)

SALLY
(SHOUTING) 16! Listen to me! There's nothing there!

JEROME
I've got to get out of here!

(FX: BACK TO JEROME'S POV. POUNDING FOOTSTEPS AS HE RUNS/STUMBLES UP THE STAIRS, PURSUED BY SCUTTLING INSECTS)

SALLY
(RACING AFTER HIM) 16, come back!

29. EXT. MAZE

(FX: THE RUSHING WIND/WATER SOUND IS SWIRLING ALL AROUND TOBY AND RACHEL, GETTING CLOSER – A LIVING FORCE, SEEKING THEM OUT)

TOBY
(SHOUTING OVER NOISE THROUGHOUT) What is that sound?

RACHEL
(DITTO, PANIC MOUNTING) Water. It's coming for us. For me. It knows I'm here. It knows I'm afraid of it!

TOBY
Don't be silly. Water can't think. Besides, there's no water here. Only the trees.

RACHEL
It's coming. I know it is. We've got to get out of here.

TOBY
Wait up. What if we end up deeper in the maze?

RACHEL
We can't be deeper in it than we are already!

(FX: THE TIDAL WAVE RUSH IS ALMOST UPON THEM; THEY'RE REALLY SHOUTING NOW)

TOBY
I still can't see anything. Maybe the sound is only in our heads. We need to think this through.

RACHEL
(LOSING IT) You do what you want. I'm going! (RUNS)

TOBY
(YELLING) 5! Come back! Let's stick together!

(FX: HIS WORDS ARE DROWNED OUT BY THE TIDAL WAVE RUSH)

30. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR/BEDROOM

(FX: JEROME'S POV — POUNDING FOOTSTEPS ALONG A LANDING WITH SALLY IN PURSUIT. COCKROACHES SWARM BEHIND THEM)

JEROME
Mr Soames! (HYSTERICAL) Doctor! Doctor!

SALLY
16! Stop! Please, stop!

(FX: RATTLE OF DOORKNOB; RAPID CREAK AS DOOR OPENS; SLAM AS DOOR CLOSES. IMMEDIATELY CUT BACK TO NORMAL)

JEROME
(WHISPERING; RAPID; INTENSE) Go away, go away, go away, go away, go away…

SALLY
(DESPERATE) 16, please listen to me. There's nothing there. Nothing at all. You've got to fight this. You've got to.

(FX: BACK TO JEROME'S POV. SCRATCHING IN THE WALLS; SPLINTERING WOOD; RENEWED RUSTLING/SCUTTLING, GETTING LOUDER)

JEROME
No, no, no…

(FX: CUT BACK TO NORMAL)

JEROME
(FX: CROSSING ROOM, DETERMINED) Only one way out of here, mate.

(FX: RATTLING WINDOW; IT'S SHUT TIGHT)

SALLY
What are you doing? You can't climb out of the window, we're too high up!

JEROME
(FX: BREAKS OFF RATTLING) Locked. (FX: WALKING BACKWARDS) Still. Only one way.

SALLY
16, you can't be serious —

(FX: QUICK CUT BACK TO JEROME'S POV. COCKROACHES SWARMING)

JEROME
… only one.

(FX: BACK TO NORMAL)

JEROME
(DEEP BREATH, RUNS FULL-TILT AT WINDOW)

SALLY
16! No! Stop!

(FX: CRASH OF GLASS AS JEROME HURLS HIMSELF OUT OF THE WINDOW)

JEROME
(LONG, DRAWN-OUT SCREAM AS HE PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH)

SALLY
(HYSTERICAL) 16! 16! 16!

31. EXT. MAZE

(FX: ONCOMING TIDAL WAVE SOUND, AS BEFORE)

RACHEL
(RUNNING, PANTING, HYSTERICAL) Get away from me! Get away!!!

TOBY
(OFF) 5? Where are you? Talk to me!

RACHEL
I don't want to die, not like this. I don't want to [die-!!!]

(FX: … AND THE TIDAL WAVE BREAKS, HITS RACHEL)

RACHEL
(SCREAMS, AS IF SWEPT AWAY BY TIDAL WAVE)

(FX: THE SOUND RECEDES. BEAT)

TOBY
(FX: APPROACHING FROM OFF, STRUGGLING THROUGH BUSHES) Damn this maze! Where are you? 5? 5? (BEAT, SEES HER BODY) Oh no. (RUSHES OVER) 5! Talk to me! Come on! 5! 5!

32. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

(FX: SALLY'S STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS AS SHE MOVES FROM DOOR TO DOOR; RATTLING OF DOORKNOBS — ALL THE DOORS ARE NOW LOCKED; SALLY IS SOBBING, TRAUMATISED)

SALLY
(UPSET) Doctor! Doctor! Where are you? (HIGH-PITCHED, FRANTIC) Doctor!

DOCTOR
(QUIETLY) I'm right behind you.

SALLY
(SOBBING) Oh, Doctor… Thank heavens.

DOCTOR
(AWKWARDLY) There, there. Don't upset yourself.

SALLY
(REALISATION) You can see me. You can see me, can't you?

DOCTOR
Of course I can.

SALLY
Doctor, 16 is dead. He thought cockroaches were chasing him. Threw himself out of a window. I tried to stop him. I tried to tell him there was nothing there, but he couldn't hear me… (SUDDENLY OVERWHELMED) He's dead, Doctor!

DOCTOR
Don't blame yourself. You did what you could.

(FX: OFF/DISTANT — POUNDING ON THE MAIN DOOR)

DOCTOR
That came from downstairs. We appear to have company.

33. INT. MAIN HALLWAY

(FX: HALL CLOCK TICKING. POUNDING CONTINUES; LOUD, SUSTAINED; SOAMES'S HURRYING FOOTSTEPS)

SOAMES
(CALLS OUT) One moment.

(FX: CLUNK OF LATCH; CREAK AS HE OPENS THE DOOR. BLAST OF WIND FROM OUTSIDE)

SOAMES
Mr 12! And — oh dear, Ms 5.

TOBY
(EXHAUSTED) Help… help me with her.

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND SALLY HURRYING DOWNSTAIRS AS TOBY AND SOAMES CARRY RACHEL'S BODY THROUGH)

DOCTOR
(APPROACHING FROM STAIRS) What happened?

(FX: SOAMES CLOSES DOOR)

TOBY
We got lost. Separated. There was a sound. Like a tidal wave. I couldn't get to her in time. When I did, she was… like this.

SALLY
She's soaking wet.

SOAMES
Is the young lady…?

DOCTOR
Dead, I'm afraid. Drowned.

TOBY
But how? There was no lake. No river. It wasn't even raining. When I found her, the ground was dry. It's impossible!

DOCTOR
She was killed by a manifestation of her own fear. Just like 16.

TOBY
16? He's dead too?

SALLY
What else did you find out there? (BEAT) There must have been something!

DOCTOR
He can't see or hear you, 18. But I can. (RAISING HIS VOICE) Not so very clever, are you?

TOBY
(BEWILDERED) What?

DOCTOR
Nothing, Mr 12. Now, why don't you sit here? Mr Soames and I will find a more dignified resting place for this poor girl, and then I'm sure Mr Soames will make you some of his excellent coffee.

SOAMES
Yes, certainly.

(FX: CLOCK BONGS ONCE FOR HALF-HOUR)

TOBY
(SPOOKED, CRIES OUT) Aaah!

(FX: SILENCE FILLED BY CLOCK TICKING)

DOCTOR
Just the clock, Mr 12.

TOBY
No, no, not that. Reflected in the face, I saw…

DOCTOR
What?

TOBY
A figure. Tall and thin.

SALLY
Like the figure in the tower.

DOCTOR
There's nothing there, Mr 12. A trick of the light. (ASIDE) Mr Soames, it might be a good idea to cover all reflective surfaces.

SOAMES
Very good, sir. I'll see to it immediately.

DOCTOR
(ASIDE TO SALLY) Keep an eye on our friend here, 18. If he moves, shout.

SALLY
I will, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Mr Soames, help me with this poor girl.

SOAMES
The kitchen, sir?

DOCTOR
The kitchen.

(FX: GRUNTS AS THEY PICK HER UP; RECEDING FOOTSTEPS AS THEY CARRY HER OUT)

SALLY
I know you can't hear me, 12, but you just sit tight and wait for the Doctor to come back.

TOBY
(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) Who's there?

SALLY
It's me. Number 18. (CAUTIOUSLY HOPEFUL) Can you hear me?

TOBY
I saw you. I know you're here.

SALLY
(DISAPPOINTED) Not me then. There's no-one else here, 12. Really. It's all in your [head] —

TOBY
(INTERRUPTING) No. I won't let you get me. You can't get me if I can't see you.

SALLY
That's it. Cover your eyes. Sit tight with your eyes closed, and you'll be fine.

DOCTOR
(OFF, CALLING) Eighteeeeen…

SALLY
(CALLING) Doctor?

DOCTOR
(OFF; CALLING) 18! We need your help!

SALLY
(TO TOBY) Hold on, 12. I'll be back in a minute. (EXITS, CALLING) Coming, Doctor! (FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

34. INT. KITCHEN

(FX: FADE UP SALLY'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

SALLY
(OUT OF BREATH) I'm here.

DOCTOR
So I see.

SALLY
Where's Mr Soames?

DOCTOR
He's fetching blankets and sheets, to cover the reflective surfaces. What are you doing here, 18?

SALLY
You called me.

DOCTOR
What?

SALLY
You said you needed my help.

DOCTOR
(HORRIFIED) No, no no! How could I have been so stupid?

(FX: RAPID FOOTSTEPS AS HE EXITS)

SALLY
(RUNNING AFTER HIM) What's wrong? Doctor? (RAISES VOICE) Doctor!

CUT TO:

35. INT. HALLWAY

(FX: TICKING CLOCK; DOCTOR SKIDS INTO HALLWAY)

DOCTOR
Gone!

SALLY
(RUNNING IN BEHIND HIM) I'm so sorry. This is my fault.

DOCTOR
No, it's not, it's mine.

TOBY
(WELL OFF; SCREAMING) Help me!

SALLY
Oh no!

TOBY
(WELL OFF; SCREAMING) Someone! Please!

DOCTOR
Upstairs! There may still be time!

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

CUT TO:

36. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

(FX: FADE IN – FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP FROM DOWNSTAIRS)

TOBY
(OFF, SCREAMING; HE'S INSIDE THE MIRROR) (FX: TAPPING ON INSIDE OF GLASS) Help! Help me! Please!

SALLY
(RUNNING TO HALT) It's coming from the mirror me and 5 saw earlier. But [how…?]

DOCTOR
Mr 12. Can you hear me?

TOBY
Doctor! Please! Get me out of here.

(FX: HANDS THUMPING ON GLASS)

SALLY
Look behind it, it must be – don't know, one-way glass or something.

DOCTOR
I'm afraid not. (FX: CROSS TO TOBY'S POV – INSIDE THE MIRROR) Mr 12 is indeed inside the mirror.

TOBY
(FX: BANGING ON INSIDE OF MIRROR) Please, Doctor, get me out. (FX: HEAVY BREATHING OF THE MI'EN KALARASH CREATURE APPROACHING FROM OFF) There's something in here with me. I can hear it, but I can't look. I can't look, Doctor! Please!!!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO 'NORMAL'. A FLASHING CRACKLE, LIKE A HUGE ELECTRICAL SURGE)

TOBY
(FADING SCREAM AS HE IS YANKED INTO THE DARKNESS)

SALLY
(HORRIFIED) Did you see that? It took him. Something just came out of the darkness and took him.

DOCTOR
I saw it.

SALLY
It was the same blue flash that 5 and I saw. We have to help him, Doctor!

DOCTOR
There's nothing we can do.

SALLY
(LOOKING AROUND FR SOMETHING TO SMASH GLASS) Maybe if we break the glass…

DOCTOR
It won't do any good.

SALLY
(FX: DRAGGING IRON CANDLESTICK) We can at least <u>try</u>. This candlestick should do it. (HEFTS IT)

DOCTOR
What…? (SHOUTS) 18, no!

(FX: SALLY WHACKS THE MIRROR WITH THE CANDLESTICK; SHATTERING/TINKLING OF GLASS)

SALLY
(LOWERING CANDLESTICK) … There.

DOCTOR
(ENRAGED) What have you done?

SALLY
More than you. At least I'm <u>trying</u>.

DOCTOR
Don't you realise that the forces at play in this house are finely balanced? There are traps everywhere. Nothing is what it seems.

SALLY
(IGNORING HIM) … Hey, look. Behind the mirror. There's a door. And a word burned into the wood.

DOCTOR
Not a word. A name.

SALLY
(SUDDENLY WOOZY, AS THOUGH SOME KIND OF CONDITIONING HAS KICKED IN) "Sally". But that… that's <u>my</u> name. (SUDDENLY EXCITED) That's my name, Doctor! I remember now! This must be the way out!

DOCTOR
Not necessarily.

SALLY
(SINGLE-MINDED) It's the way out! I know it! I can <u>feel</u> it!

DOCTOR
Sally, no! You're being manipulated. That's what it wants you to think.

SALLY
(FX: WALKING FORWARD) If I open the door… I'll be home. Everything will be back to how it should be.

DOCTOR
(BLOCKING HER WAY) Listen to me, Sally! Whatever's behind that door is evil! It's controlling you!

SALLY
Don't stand in my way, Doctor. I'm warning you.

DOCTOR
Sally, please —

SALLY
No! You're the evil one. You want to keep me here. Well, you can't… stop me!

(FX: A CLONK OF IMPACT AS SALLY HITS HIM WITH THE CANDLESTICK)

DOCTOR
(GROANS, FALLS)

SALLY
Can't stop me.

(FX: TURNS THE DOOR HANDLE, SLOWLY…)

DOCTOR
(WEAKLY) Sally, don't… (MORE DESPERATE) Don't open the door!

SALLY
Goodbye, Doctor.

(FX: SALLY PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN WITH A CREAK. BEAT. THEN — LOUDER AND MORE SUSTAINED THAN EVER — A SURGING FLASH OF ELECTRICITY, ACCOMPANIED BY A HIDEOUS, DEMONIC HOWL OF TRIUMPH)

37. INT. FULTON DOWN MILITARY BASE — MEDICAL WING

(FX: THE DEMONIC HOWL CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY… TO BE REPLACED BY THE SOOTHING, REGULAR BLEEP OF HOSPITAL MONITORS, MEASURING HEART[S]BEAT, BLOOD PRESSURE ETC)

DOCTOR
(SUDDEN HUGE INTAKE OF BREATH)

EVE
(ALARMED) Dr Soames?

SOAMES
(OFF/ACROSS THE ROOM) What is it, Miss Pritchard?

EVE
It's the Doctor. He's back with us. But… why is he staring like that?

SOAMES
(FX: HURRYING ACROSS) Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me?

DOCTOR
(SUDDENLY SNAPPING TO) Yes. (SITTING UP) Where am I?

EVE
Don't get up. You're in the medical wing of the Fulton Down military base.

DOCTOR
Fulton Down. Yes, yes, I remember now.

SOAMES
(UNCERTAINLY) Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR
(QUIETLY; DOOM-LADEN) Dr Soames. I seem to have made a terrible mistake.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

SOAMES
(FX: HURRYING ACROSS) Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me?

DOCTOR
(SUDDENLY SNAPPING TO) Yes. (SITTING UP) Where am I?

EVE
Don't get up. You're in the medical wing of the Fulton Down military base.

DOCTOR
Fulton Down. Yes, yes, I remember now.

SOAMES
(UNCERTAINLY) Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR
(QUIETLY; DOOM-LADEN) Dr Soames. I seem to have made a terrible mistake.

(CONTINUES INTO:)

38. INT. MEDICAL WING (CONTINUED)

SOAMES
(HESITANTLY) A mistake? What do you mean?

DOCTOR
How long was I out?

SOAMES
Ninety minutes? But you began to convulse ten minutes ago.

EVE
Your readings went through the roof. We thought we'd lost you.

SOAMES
We severed your link with the system and transferred you to here – whereupon you began to stabilise quickly, thank goodness.

DOCTOR
(URGENT) The test subjects. How are they?

SOAMES
Fine. Still under sedation.

DOCTOR
I need to see them urgently.

(FX: CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS AS HE SITS UP AND TRIES TO GET OUT OF BED, STILL ATTACHED TO VARIOUS MONITORS — CLATTERS AND SCRAPES AS HE HALF-DRAGS THEM WITH HIM)

EVE
Careful, Doctor. You're still attached to the monitors. Let me help you.

(FX: PEELING/POPPING SOUNDS AS SHE REMOVES SUCTION PADS FROM HIS SKIN THROUGH:)

SOAMES
You still haven't explained what you meant by 'mistake'.

DOCTOR
No time now. But the base must be evacuated.

SOAMES
I'm not sure if I-

DOCTOR
Immediately, Dr Soames. We need a priority red evacuation. All personnel, aside from myself and the test subjects, must leave.

SOAMES
I'll do it, Doctor. But this is my project. I'm staying too.

EVE
And me.

DOCTOR
No. It's too dangerous.

EVE
Dr Soames and I are the only people who fully understand the Bluefire system, Doctor. You need us here.

DOCTOR
(RELUCTANTLY) Oh, very well.

SOAMES
I'll make that call on the way to the Isolation Ward. (EXITING) This way, Doctor. Come along, Miss Pritchard.

(FX: FADE AS ALL HURRY OUT)

39. INT. ISOLATION WARD

(FX: IN B/G, DISTANT, WE HEAR THE EVACUATION ALARM, AND THUNDERING OF SQUADDIES' FEET ON THE WAY OUT. BRING UP CALM BLIPS AND BEEPS OF MONITORS, CLOSE TO)

EVE
You see, Doctor? All sleeping peacefully.

DOCTOR
Nevertheless, they're vulnerable in this state. How long will it take to revive them?

SOAMES
Not long. But I'd advise against it. You've read the report of what happens when they're conscious?

DOCTOR
Yes, yes. The subjects show evidence of increased psychic activity.

EVE
More than that, Doctor. The subjects have been unable to break the psychic link to the Bluefire system. As a result they become distressed, resulting in -

DOCTOR
(INTERRUPTING) … destructive psychic manifestations. I know.

SOAMES
To put it bluntly, Doctor, things fly about. The subjects become uncontrollable.

EVE
Awake, they're a danger to themselves and to us, Doctor.

DOCTOR
They're far more dangerous asleep, believe me.

SOAMES
How so?

DOCTOR
Let me ask you a question, Dr Soames. If you were at home, with all your doors and windows open, and you heard that an escaped tiger was prowling the area, what would you do?

SOAMES
I'd close all the doors and windows.

DOCTOR
Precisely.

SOAMES
I don't follow.

EVE
I think I do. You're saying that the unconscious minds of the test subjects are wide open to attack?

DOCTOR
Yes.

EVE
Attack from what?

DOCTOR
First things first. Let's shut out the tiger.

SOAMES
All right. Miss Pritchard, we'll start with Private Morgan. 200 micrograms of naloxone, I think.

EVE
Dr Soames. (FX: PICKS UP SYRINGE, DRAWS UP INJECTION)

SOAMES
I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor.

DOCTOR
So do I.

SALLY
(INJECTED — MOANS SOFTLY)

EVE
There. We should see the effect within a minute or so.

SOAMES
Would you like all four test subjects revived simultaneously, Doctor?

DOCTOR
No. I'll stabilise Sally first. It shouldn't take long.

SOAMES
<u>You'll</u> stabilise her? And how on Earth will you do that?

DOCTOR
I have an excellent bedside manner.

(FX: EVACUATION ALARM ABRUPTLY CEASES)

EVE
The alarms have stopped.

DOCTOR
Then we can assume the evacuation is complete.

SALLY
(STIRS) Can't stop me…

DOCTOR
Private Morgan. Sally. Can you hear me?

SALLY
(GROGGY) Help me. It's coming. (GASPS; AWAKE) It's here…!

DOCTOR
(GENTLY) No. Listen to me, Sally Morgan. I am the Doctor and you are safe.

SALLY
(BREATHLESS, CONFUSED) Safe?

DOCTOR
Yes.

(FX: A GUST OF ETHEREAL 'WIND'. A METAL DISH CONTAINING HYPODERMICS FLIPS OFF THE TABLE AND FALLS WITH A CRASH)

EVE
Watch out! It's happening again —

SOAMES
I told you, Doctor, things fly about! Chair-!

(FX: A CHAIR FLIES ACROSS THE ROOM AND SMASHES INTO A WALL; THE REINFORCED GLASS OF THE OBSERVATION WINDOW CRACKS; A DRIP STAND FALLS WITH A CLATTER OF METAL)

DOCTOR
(CALM) Sally Morgan. I am the Doctor and you are <u>safe</u>.

(FX: 'WIND' ABRUPTLY STOPS. SILENCE)

EVE
(AMAZED) What did you do?

DOCTOR
I set up a psychological block in Sally's brain. In short, I cut off our enemy's food supply.

EVE
But… you just touched her temples.

DOCTOR
There's a knack. (GENTLY) How are you feeling now, Sally?

SALLY
(CAUTIOUSLY) Better. My mind feels… clear.

DOCTOR
I've closed a door, that's all. You're safe for now, but the tiger's still prowling.

SOAMES
What did you mean, 'food supply'?

DOCTOR
Our friend has been stimulating Sally's limbic system and feeding off the resultant emotions.

EVE
And who or what <u>is</u> this 'enemy', Doctor?

DOCTOR
All in good time. Let's close the rest of these doors first.

(FX: FADE)

40. INT. ISOLATION WARD (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. THE REVIVED TEST SUBJECTS ARE SITTING UP, BEDSPRINGS CREAKING AS THEY SHIFT THEIR WEIGHT)

RACHEL/TOBY/JEROME
(GROANING, COMING TO, STRETCHING OUT LIMBS)

EVE
That's right. Everyone stretch out those muscles. Get some life back into those limbs.

RACHEL
What are you? Our fitness trainer?

SOAMES
These might be extraordinary circumstances, but that's no excuse for impertinence, Private McMahon.

RACHEL
Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

SOAMES
Now I'm going to need to run a few cognitive tests, so if [you'll-]

DOCTOR
(INTERRUPTING) There's no time for that, Dr Soames.

SOAMES
I'm sorry, but it's procedure, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(INTERRUPTING AGAIN) Procedure is just another word for procrastination. (SUDDENLY AUTHORITATIVE) You, soldier, full name and rank!

JEROME
(SNAPS TO ATTENTION) Private Jerome Fisher, sir.

DOCTOR
Very good, Private Fisher. At ease. And you?

RACHEL
Private Rachel McMahon.

TOBY
Private Toby Dodds, sir!

SALLY
And I'm Private Sally Morgan.

DOCTOR
There, you see, Dr Soames? The mental faculties of your test subjects are unimpared.

SOAMES
Your assessment criteria are hardly scientific, Doctor.

DOCTOR
I tend to find that cutting a few corners invariably results in a more interesting journey.

SOAMES
This is highly irresponsible! We have no idea of the manner or extent of the psychological trauma that may have resulted from the subjects' exposure to the system.

DOCTOR
And that's your primary concern, is it? The welfare of your test subjects?

SOAMES
(WARILY) Of course.

DOCTOR
How philanthropic of you. And here's me thinking you might be more concerned about the fate of your 'experiment'.

EVE
That's unfair, Doctor. Dr Soames has put a huge amount of work into this project. The prior research was exhaustive, the safety procedures rigorously checked and re-checked.

SOAMES
There was no indication whatsoever that Bluefire would have a detrimental psychological effect on its subjects. In fact, such an outcome was deemed impossible.

DOCTOR
(COLDLY) And yet it happened. Miss Morgan? Sally?

SALLY
Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR
What were you told about the Bluefire Project before you volunteered for it?

SOAMES
We didn't withhold information, if that's what you're insinuating.

DOCTOR
I should like to hear what Sally has to say.

SALLY
(HESITANTLY) They asked for army volunteers with specific phobias. We were told that the object of the research was to identify and isolate those phobias, so they might be… I don't know, extracted?

DOCTOR
Except that instead of creating fearless warriors, Bluefire caused psychic instability. So much so that the test subjects' destructive urges could only be curtailed by heavy sedation.

EVE
There were twenty-four volunteers in all, Doctor. Twenty completed the process with no ill-effects whatsoever.

DOCTOR
(COLDLY) Those odds were still unacceptable.

SOAMES
We're trying to isolate and eradicate fear here, Doctor. Isn't that a worthwhile pursuit?

DOCTOR
Not if the sole purpose is to create more efficient killers.

SOAMES
The purpose is to prevent young people like these succumbing to a potentially debilitating emotion. One which, in battle, might prove to be the difference between life and death.

DOCTOR
Hasn't it ever occurred to you, Dr Soames, that fear can be a positive emotion? Take away fear and people lose their sense of self-preservation.

SOAMES
If that's true, then it can be countered through training, discipline.

DOCTOR
So you still maintain that your intentions are philanthropic?

SOAMES
To a large extent, yes.

DOCTOR
And does that include your research into the application of R.E.P. technology?

JEROME
R. E. what?

SOAMES
(FX: PULLING CURTAINS FROM AROUND A BED) Doctor – a word in private, if you would?

(FX: DOCTOR STEPS OVER BEHIND CURTAINS. CONTINUES INTO:)

41. INT. ISOLATION WARD — BEHIND CURTAINS (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: SOAMES PULLS CURTAIN RAIL)

DOCTOR
'Nurse, the screens!'

SOAMES
(SOTTO) Remote Emotional Programming technology is highly classified, Doctor!

DOCTOR
'Fear bullets', I believe you call them?

SOAMES
(SOTTO) That phrase was not of my choosing.

DOCTOR
Then it isn't your aim to extract the fear from the minds of your own soldiers, so you can shoot those fears into the minds of others?

SOAMES
(SOTTO) That is a gross over-simplification —

DOCTOR
To cripple entire nations with acute psychological trauma? Not just tyrants and soldiers, but innocent people going about their daily lives?

(FX: CURTAIN PULLED ASIDE)

EVE
(ENTERING) Dr Soames, I'm concerned [that-]

SOAMES
One moment, please, Miss Pritchard-!

DOCTOR
Don't worry. They all heard everything.

EVE
… I'm concerned that we have more important matters to attend to.

DOCTOR
Quite right, Miss Pritchard.

EVE
You mentioned an 'enemy'? An outside influence infiltrating the system?

DOCTOR
The Mi'en Kalarash, yes.

SOAMES
And what's that when it's at home?

DOCTOR
I'll explain as I work. Shall we go?

EVE
Go where?

DOCTOR
To the heart of the operation, of course. The Bluefire Room.

42. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

(FX: FADE UP. THE DOCTOR LEADS SOAMES, EVE AND 4 x SOLDIERS IN)

DOCTOR
(MARCHING) Come on, you horrible lot. At the double.

SOAMES
(STOPPING) Wait, wait, wait! (FX: ALL STOP) What on Earth is this tatty old Police Box doing in my operations room? (BEAT) And why's it [black?]

DOCTOR
(SHARPLY, CUTTING OVER) I'll thank you not to call my TARDIS 'tatty'. She's very sensitive.

SALLY
TARDIS?

DOCTOR
How else do you think I got into a top secret military base?

EVE
The UNIT pass you showed us-?

DOCTOR
Oh, that. It's a little out of date, you should have looked at it more closely.

SOAMES/EVE/SALLY/RACHEL/TOBY/JEROME
(CONSTERNATION) What-?!?

DOCTOR
Please, don't get agitated –

TOBY
(TO SOAMES) He could be anyone-!

DOCTOR
Not anyone. (SIGHS) So many explanations. Sometimes it's easier to show than tell. (FX: HE UNLOCKS THE TARDIS DOOR; PUSHES IT OPEN) See for yourselves.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

43. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FROM INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM, WITH ALL CHARACTERS OFF, PEERING IN. TV MOVIE CONSOLE ETC)

EVE
(OFF) It's like a cathedral!

SALLY
(OFF, TO DOCTOR) How do you do it? Is it some kind of trick?

DOCTOR
(OFF) Dimensional transcendentalism.

SOAMES
(OFF) Ridiculous!

DOCTOR
(OFF, HAPPILY) Isn't it?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

44. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

(FX: DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR)

JEROME
Oh man, I feel dizzy. I can't get my head round this.

DOCTOR
It's easier just to accept, Private Fisher.

SALLY
Is it a… space ship?

DOCTOR
Space and time.

RACHEL
You're telling us you travel through time in this thing?

DOCTOR
I'd give you a demonstration, but… well, best not, under the circumstances.

EVE
So are you going to tell us about this… Mi'en Kalarash, Doctor?

DOCTOR
As I say, I'll talk as I work. But first…

SOAMES
First?

DOCTOR
Nice cup of tea. Nothing like an infusion of tannin to stimulate the synapses.

45. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM (LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. BUSY NOISES — THE SOLDIERS ARE DISMANTLING PART OF THE BLUEFIRE SYSTEM; UNCOUPLING THINGS, RUNNING DIAGNOSTICS)

DOCTOR
(CALLING) Miss McMahon, would you mind attaching this to that nozzle there? You might have to force it a little.

RACHEL
(OFF) Check.

DOCTOR
(CALLING) And Mr Dodds, would you strip back the insulation on that cable?

TOBY
(OFF) This one?

DOCTOR
(CALLING) Yes. No, no. The yellow one.

JEROME
(APPROACHING) I've unscrewed this filter-thing, Doctor, like you said. Where do you want it?

DOCTOR
Dump it beside my TARDIS for now. I'll link it up to the console later.

SOAMES
Don't you dare 'dump' anything, Private Fisher. That is a highly complex, not to say valuable, piece of equipment. Treat it with the utmost care.

JEROME
Yes, sir. (HURRIES OFF)

SOAMES
Is there any purpose to this… wanton vandalism, Doctor?

DOCTOR
(FX: UNCOUPLING LEADS) Don't worry, Dr Soames, I'll put it all back together again later. (MURMURS) Now where does this bit come from, I wonder…

EVE
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) (FX: FLAP OF PAPER) I've got those diagnostics you wanted, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Thank you, Miss Pritchard. (CALLING) Any sign of that tea?

SALLY
(OFF) Coming, Doctor. Sugar?

DOCTOR
(CALLING) Five today, I think.

SALLY
(OFF) Five?

DOCTOR
(CALLING) All right then, you've twisted my arm. Six.

SOAMES
You said you'd give us some answers, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Did I? Oh yes. And I will. (FX: SALLY APPROACHING WITH TEA TRAY) Ah, tea-! Thank you, Private Morgan.

SOAMES
(IRRITATED) Doctor!

DOCTOR
Hmm? Oh yes, answers. Answers are useful. As are questions. (CALLING) Gather round, everyone. (FX: CLAPS HANDS) Come along, come along.

(FX: EVERYONE BREAKS OFF WHAT THEY'RE DOING, SURROUND THE DOCTOR)

SALLY
What sort of questions, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Well, for example: what do you four remember about your time in the system?

RACHEL
Not a lot.

JEROME
Bad dreams mostly.

SALLY
I remember a house. A big old house. There was Jerome, Rachel, Toby and me. You were there, Doctor. And you too, Dr Soames.

SOAMES
(SURPRISED) Me?

SALLY
Yes, you were a butler.

SOAMES
(OUTRAGED) A what?!?

DOCTOR
(CLEARS THROAT IN EMBARRASSMENT) Ah, yes. That particular Dr Soames was a… er, construct of mine. A right-hand man, to help me with the nuts and bolts, as it were.

SOAMES
(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) A butler…

DOCTOR
I thought you might all find it comforting, on a subconscious level, to see a familiar face.

JEROME
I remember all that too. I also remember that none of us knew who we were or how we'd got there.

DOCTOR
Yes. You were brought together.

TOBY
By you?

DOCTOR
No. I simply constructed the battleground.

TOBY
I'm sorry. I'm flummoxed. Is anyone actually following this?

SALLY
You mean you constructed Bluefire House? You… created it with your mind?

DOCTOR
I entered the system to rescue you. But first I had to create form out of formlessness, to give you somewhere that you could relate to.

RACHEL
So you created a spooky old house, full of scary, weird stuff? Way to go.

DOCTOR
My raw materials were limited. And I had… opposition.

EVE
This 'Mi'en Kalarash' you mentioned?

DOCTOR
Yes. It filled the rooms with devices to prompt common phobic reactions. And once it had prompted you all to recall your phobias…

(FX: CROSSFADE INTO:)

46. FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

(FX: A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS FROM PARTS ONE/TWO, ALL WITH REVERSE ECHO:)

SALLY [FROM SCENE 8:]
I have this fear that one day I'll wake up and no-one will be able to see or hear me. I'll just be… gone.

TOBY [FROM SCENE 21:]
[…] *I've always had this idea that if I look into a mirror I'll see someone else looking back at me.*

RACHEL [FROM SCENE 23:]
Under the water it's another world. Heavy and airless and dark. I get breathless just talking about it…

JEROME [FROM SCENE 25:]
A cockroach. A great big cockroach.

(FX: CUT BACK TO:)

47. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

SALLY
But what is it, this 'Mi'en Kalarash'?

DOCTOR
A legend. A scary bedtime story. In the ancient mythology of my people there are tales of an entity that inhabits the wastelands between realities, feeding on nightmares.

JEROME
And you reckon that's what's got inside our heads?

DOCTOR
It has infiltrated your minds through the Bluefire system, yes.

JEROME
How?

DOCTOR
I don't know.

RACHEL
But this is mental. I mean – time machines, aliens, evil entities! Are you for real?

SALLY
Shush, Rachel. (ADDRESSING THE DOCTOR) She has got a point, though, Doctor. Even accepting what we've seen, this does seem pretty… far-fetched. What makes you think this 'entity' has got into the Bluefire system?

DOCTOR
Where I come from there is an ancient language known as Old High Gallifeyan. And in Old High Gallifreyan, 'Mi'en Kalarash' translates as 'Blue Fire'.

(PAUSE)

TOBY
Sorry, but it still sounds loopy to me.

RACHEL
Loopy or not, it looks like we're stuck with it. So what happens next?

DOCTOR
I re-route the Bluefire system into the TARDIS and connect it to the Vortex Manipulator.

RACHEL
Does that actually mean anything?

DOCTOR
(SIGHS) It means I'm constructing a temporal trap. If I can capture and contain the Kalarash, I can use my TARDIS to send it back into the wastelands.

SALLY
And will that work?

DOCTOR
It has to. I thought that I could enter the Bluefire system, rescue the four of you and find a way to banish the Kalarash from there.

EVE
But…?

DOCTOR
But, it anticipated my every move. Outmanoeuvred me.

TOBY
Meaning what?

DOCTOR
Meaning that it hitched a lift back with me into the physical world. This world.

RACHEL
So it's in your head now?

DOCTOR
No, no. It jumped ship as soon as I started to regain consciousness.

SOAMES
So where is it?

DOCTOR
Lying low. Acclimatising. Ideally I need to draw it into the open while it's still disorientated.

JEROME
But how come it needed you, Doctor? Why didn't it just use our minds to get here?

DOCTOR
Because to climb out of a hole you need rope, not thread.

JEROME
What?

SALLY
I think he means that our minds are puny compared to his.

TOBY
Oh, charming.

DOCTOR
No offence. In my case, it's simply a question of advanced evolution.

RACHEL
And that's supposed to make us feel better?

DOCTOR
It might do, given that it's my fault the Kalarash is here.

SALLY
How come?

DOCTOR
At some point in the past it must have detected my presence, picked up my temporal trace. Since then it's been devising a way to reach me.

EVE
So what does it want, Doctor? Now it's free?

DOCTOR
Given the materials it has to hand, I'd say it's seeking to manipulate and corrupt impressionable military minds in order to bring about Armageddon.

TOBY
Are you serious?

DOCTOR
No, Mr Dodds, I'm joking. I always joke about the end of the world.

48. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FADE UP)

DOCTOR
(FX: FLICKING LEVERS. THRUM OF POWER) There, that should do it.

RACHEL
Should? Aren't you sure?

DOCTOR
It's a bit of a lash-up. Square pegs in round holes. Best I can do, in the circumstances.

SOAMES
You've cannibalised the entire Bluefire system. Millions of pounds worth of equipment treated like… like old car parts.

DOCTOR
Rest assured, Dr Soames, if this doesn't work it's not something you'll have to worry about. Let's see how the others are getting on. (WALKING) Come on.

(FX: ALL EXIT TARDIS INTO:)

49. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

EVE
… Oh, Doctor! I presume these cables will accommodate the power linkage between the Bluefire system and your machine?

DOCTOR
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) A series of controlled temporal surges, Miss Pritchard, yes. —

SALLY
You sure that duct tape will hold? It looks a bit dodgy.

DOCTOR
Of course it will hold. It was made in Birmingham.

SOAMES
So what exactly will happen when you switch this thing on?

DOCTOR
(FX: WALKING OVER TO SPOT) With any luck the Kalarash will manifest right about… (STOPPING) … *here.*

SALLY
Manifest? Become solid, you mean?

DOCTOR
(CALLING) Everybody, gather round again.

JEROME
(FX: AS HE AND OTHERS GATHER ROUND DOCTOR) Aye-aye, looks like it's showtime.

DOCTOR
Now. The entity is currently composed of a series of slivers in incremental time. I've constructed a kind of time magnet, designed to draw it out into the open.

SOAMES
(INCREDULOUSLY) Incremental time?

DOCTOR
Cracks so minute they don't officially exist.

SALLY
You mean the entity has… divided itself up? Dispersed itself?

DOCTOR
Like a vast number of microscopic iron filings stuck between the time-cracks. When I switch on, temporal energy from the TARDIS will drag all those filings down to this one fixed point —

TOBY
… and, hey presto!, our friend will appear?

DOCTOR
Precisely.

SALLY
Will it be like that thing I saw in the attic room, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Possibly.

JEROME
What thing?

SALLY
Tall and thin. Like a reflection in a fun house mirror. Dark-skinned, sort of leathery. Its face was… vicious. Animal-like. And it was surrounded by blue fire. Bathed in it.

JEROME
Nice.

EVE
What'll happen when it appears, Doctor?

DOCTOR
If all goes to plan, it will be contained in a temporal stasis field. Then I'll set the TARDIS co-ordinates and… schlupp!

TOBY
'Schlupp'? Is that a technical term?

DOCTOR
It means that our friend will be sucked into the Vortex and expelled back into the wastelands.

SOAMES
And what if it *doesn't* go according to plan?

DOCTOR
Then I suggest we run. Very fast. Now — is everyone standing well back, behind the power nexus?

JEROME
Check.

DOCTOR
Then — here we go!

(FX: HE SLAMS A LEVER; WARBLING ELECTRONIC SCREECH AS THE SYSTEM POWERS UP. IN THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE EVERYONE IS RAISING THEIR VOICE ABOVE THE ESCALATING DIN)

DOCTOR
How are those readings, Miss Pritchard?

EVE
Stable, Doctor.

TOBY
Er… Doctor, there's smoke coming from this connection here.

DOCTOR
Don't worry. That's perfectly normal.

SOAMES
(COUGHING) You realise that the sprinkler system will activate if it gets any worse?

DOCTOR
No it won't. I've disabled it.

SOAMES
You've done what?

SALLY
Look! Something's happening!

(FX: FADE IN SOUNDS OF THE MI'EN KALARASH. IT IS IN TORMENT, SNARLING AND WRITHING)

RACHEL
Oh my — [God!]

TOBY
Is that thing real?

JEROME
It's just like you said, Sally. The blue fire and everything.

(FX: THE ELECTRONIC SCREECH IS EAR-SPLITTING NOW)

SALLY
Doctor, the system's overloading!

DOCTOR
Just a few more seconds. It's almost through! (SUDDEN ALARM) Miss Pritchard! Eve! No, don't touch that connection!

(FX: THE ELECTRONIC SCREECH SUDDENLY SUBSIDES, DIES. HEAVY BREATHING OF THE MI'EN KALARASH; CRACKLE OF BLUE FIRE)

RACHEL
What happened?

SALLY
(ANXIOUSLY) Doctor…?

SOAMES
It's Eve. She broke the connection.

DOCTOR
(OUTRAGED) Miss Pritchard! What have you done? (NO ANSWER) Miss Pritchard!

TOBY
She can't hear you.

RACHEL
She's in some kind of trance.

SOAMES
Eve! Speak to us!

(FX: THE MI'EN KALARASH ROARS, A HIDEOUS, DEMONIC SOUND. ACCOMPANYING THE ROAR IS A SURGING FLASH OF ELECTRICITY. THEN IT VANISHES. SILENCE)

DOCTOR
Is everyone all right?

SALLY
I think so.

JEROME
What happened?

RACHEL
Where's that creature gone?

TOBY
Did your plan work, Doctor? Did you send it back where it came from?

DOCTOR
I'm afraid not…

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(FX: RECOGNISABLE AS EVE, BUT GUTTURAL/DEMONIC) Ahh. Freedom. But such a puny frame. So… temporary.

SOAMES
(SHOCKED) Miss Pritchard?

JEROME
Oh, man! Look at her eyes!

RACHEL/TOBY/SOAMES
(GASPS OF SHOCK)

SALLY
They're full of blue fire.

JEROME
It's that thing, isn't it, Doctor? It's inside her.

DOCTOR
I'm afraid so. And not for the first time, I suspect. (RAISES HIS VOICE) Isn't that right, Mi'en Kalarash?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
Yes, Doctor. The human female has been preparing for this moment for over two Earth decades.

SOAMES
She's been <u>working</u> with that thing?

DOCTOR
No. She's been manipulated. Like a pawn on a chess board. Probably without even realising it was happening.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
When the human female was four years old it was struck by a car. It suffered injuries to its brain. It almost died. For a split-second, as it hovered between being and not being, it slipped between the cracks. Our minds touched.

DOCTOR
And you wormed your way in, didn't you?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
Eve Pritchard brought a splinter of my consciousness back with her, into the world. Just the tiniest splinter, but enough to mould her thoughts into treading a particular path.

DOCTOR
A path that led you to me.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
The female is bait, Doctor. You are the… 'big fish'.

DOCTOR
You've even gained a grasp of Earth idioms, I see. Not that you'll win any prizes for originality.

SALLY
(WHISPERS) Not sure insulting it is a good idea, Doctor.

TOBY
(WHISPERS) When should we run? Should we run now?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
You can run, little human, but there is no escape. The age of man is over. I will wring every drop of misery and pain and terror out of your species before crushing this world and moving on to the next.

DOCTOR
(YAWNS) Have you finished? When you've heard one despotic rant, you've heard them all.

SOAMES
For goodness' sake, don't goad the thing, Doctor.

DOCTOR
It'll do what it's come to do anyway. We might as well have a bit of fun before we go.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
Your fun is over, Doctor.

DOCTOR
So soon?

TOBY
(NERVOUSLY) What's it doing?

JEROME
Why's it raising its hand like that?

SALLY
Doctor?

DOCTOR
Brace yourselves. This won't be pleasant.

(FX: FIERCE ELECTRICAL SURGE/FLASH BLENDS INTO A HOWLING/ RUSHING 'TIDAL WAVE' SOUND. THIS IS SUPPLEMENTED BY…)

SOAMES/SALLY/RACHEL/TOBY/JEROME
(SCREAMING)

(FX: FADE)

50. INT. PASSENGER JET (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. THE STEADY, SOOTHING HUM OF JET ENGINES IN FLIGHT)

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
(FX: APPROACHING, WHEELING DRINKS TROLLEY) Drink, sir?

DOCTOR
(DISORIENTATED) What? Oh… er, no. Thank you.

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
For you, madam?

SALLY
(DISORIENTATED) Huh? Wha…? (ASTONISHED) Miss Pritchard?

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
I'm sorry, madam?

SALLY
(TAKING IN HER SURROUNDINGS) Doctor? What's going on? Why are we on a plane?

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
Are you all right, madam?

DOCTOR
Perfectly fine, thank you. Just a little disorientated. Fell asleep and forgot where she was.

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
Well, if you're sure…

DOCTOR
Absolutely. We'll call you if we need anything.

(FX: EVE/AIR HOSTESS MOVES AWAY)

SALLY
Doctor, what's going on? Why is Miss Pritchard dressed like that?

DOCTOR
That isn't Miss Pritchard.

SALLY
Well, of course it is!

DOCTOR
Look at the other air hostesses.

4 x EVES [AS AIR HOSTESSES]
(FX: ALL OVERLAPPING SLIGHTLY – OR PERHAPS WITH A 'WHIP-PAN' SOUND EFFECT TO SUGGEST SALLY LOOKING AROUND IN ALL DIRECTIONS)
(OFF, LEFT) Drink, sir?
(OFF, RIGHT) Please, remain seated, madam.
(OFF, AHEAD) Hand luggage should be placed in the overhead lockers, sir.
(OFF, BEHIND) Today's films? Certainly. *Die Hard 2*, *Redeye*, *Flightplan* and, of course, *Snakes on a Plane*. –

SALLY
But… they're *all* Miss Pritchard! Doctor, what's happening?

RACHEL
(APPROACHING FROM OFF, CALLING BACK) No, I won't sit down!

DOCTOR
Oh dear. (RAISES HIS VOICE) Miss McMahon! Rachel!

JEROME
(ROW IN FRONT) Doctor! You're here too!

SOAMES
(BESIDE JEROME) We're all here, it seems.

TOBY
(ROW BEHIND) What the hell's going on, Doctor? Why are we on this plane?

SALLY
Why's it just *us* on this plane…?

TOBY
(STANDING UP) We've been drugged, haven't we? Kidnapped?
(SHOUTING) Where are you taking us?

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
Sir, I really must ask you to calm down and get back in your [seat] –

TOBY
(INTERRUPTING) I will not calm down!

RACHEL
Why do you all look the same? What is this?

EVE [AS AIR HOSTESS]
Sir, madam, please.

TOBY
Keep back! Back, or I'll –

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING; AUTHORITATIVE) Stop! (STARTLED SILENCE) Don't you realise what's happening? Don't you understand what you're doing by behaving like frightened children?

(FX: CRACKLE OF INTERCOM)

EVE [AS PILOT]
(TINNY; DISTORTED BY STATIC) Ladies and gentlemen, this is your pilot speaking. Welcome to Bluefire Airlines, currently cruising at an altitude of thirty-five thousand feet.

RACHEL
Now she's flying this thing-?!?

SALLY
Ssh!

EVE [AS PILOT]
I regret to inform you that we are about to run into a localised patch of stormy weather, during which the aircraft will be struck by lightning and plummet to the ground.

JEROME
What-?!?

EVE [AS PILOT]
Please, fasten your safety belts and prepare for a drawn-out and terrifying death. Thank you. (FX: INTERCOM OFF)

TOBY
(ASTONISHED) Was that meant to be a joke?

SOAMES
If so, it was in very poor [taste] —

(FX: CLAP OF THUNDER, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY A HUGE, CRACKLING FLASH OF LIGHTNING, DROWNS OUT HIS WORDS. STRICKEN ENGINES WHINE AND SHRIEK AS THE AIRCRAFT PLUMMETS FROM THE SKY)

SOAMES/RACHEL/TOBY/JEROME
(SCREAMING THROUGH:)

SALLY
Doctor!

DOCTOR
(YELLING) Everyone! Close your eyes!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

51. EXT. DENSE JUNGLE

(FX: FADE UP JUNGLE SOUNDS — CHIRRUPING INSECTS, BIRD CRIES, RUSTLING FOLIAGE. THEN THE HEAVY, PADDING FOOTSTEPS AND SOFT, THREATENING GROWL OF A TIGER)

JEROME
(ALMOST HYPERVENTILATING; PANICKED WHISPER) Oh no no no no no…

(FX: THE TIGER GROWLS AGAIN, CLOSER)

JEROME
(PANICKED WHISPER) Please don't see me… Please…

DOCTOR
(DISTORT — COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY) Jerome. Can you hear me?

JEROME
(SO SURPRISED HE SAYS OUT LOUD) Doctor? (FX: CAUSING THE TIGER TO SNARL AGAIN, ITS PADDING FOOTSTEPS CLOSING IN) (VOICE REDUCING TO A PANICKED WHISPER) Doctor, is that you?

DOCTOR
(D) Yes. I'm inside your head. Don't ask questions, just listen. Where are you?

JEROME
(WHISPERS) I don't know. In a jungle. It's night-time. There's something stalking me. I think it's a tiger.

DOCTOR
(D) Don't panic, Jerome. Everything's going to be all right. If you do exactly as I say, you'll be fine. Do you understand?

(FX: TIGER STILL PADDING, GROWLING)

JEROME
(WHISPERS) Yes, I… I think so. What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR
(D) I want you to close your eyes, walk forward and reach out your hand.

JEROME
(WHISPERS) But — it'll see me! I [can't!]

DOCTOR
(D, INTERRUPTING) Trust me, Jerome. You'll be safe. I promise.

JEROME
(PANTING; PREPARING HIMSELF) Okay… Okay… Here I come, Doctor…
(STANDS)

(FX: THE TIGER REACTS, POUNCING FORWARD, ROARING)

CUT TO:

52. INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN

(FX: FRANTIC SPLASHING AS RACHEL TREADS WATER, STRUGGLING TO STAY AFLOAT)

RACHEL
(EXHAUSTED, HER VOICE ECHOING OFF WALLS) I'm — I'm in the water! Help me! Someone! Please! He[lp] - (SPLUTTERS AS SHE SWALLOWS WATER, THEN GOES UNDER)

(FX: CUT TO HER POV, UNDERWATER. JUST FOR A MOMENT. THEN CUT BACK AS SHE RESURFACES)

RACHEL
(WHOOP OF SPLUTTERING BREATH) Somebody! Please! I can't hold on much longer!

DOCTOR
(D, COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY) Rachel? Rachel, listen to me.

RACHEL
Doctor? Is that you? Where are you?

DOCTOR
(D) I'm inside your mind.

RACHEL
Am I imagining this?

DOCTOR
(D) No. I need you to do something for me, Rachel. Something you won't want to do. But believe me, it's the only way I can save you.

RACHEL
Just tell me… tell me what to do.

DOCTOR
(D) I want you to give in.

RACHEL
What?

DOCTOR
(D) Give in. Stop struggling. Let yourself sink.

RACHEL
(ANGER; DESPAIR; EXHAUSTION) What are you talking about? I can't do that.

DOCTOR
(D) You can. You must. Let the fear go, Rachel. Close your eyes, stretch out your hand and let yourself sink.

RACHEL
(DEEP BREATH)

DOCTOR
(D) Trust me, Rachel.

(FX: CUT BRIEFLY BACK TO UNDERWATER, CLOSING OVER RACHEL'S HEAD. QUICK FADE OUT)

53. INT. WRECKAGE OF THE CRASHED PLANE

(FX: FADE UP THE CRACKLING OF FIRE)

SOAMES
(GROANS AS HE COMES TO)

DOCTOR
(D, SPEAKING TELEPATHICALLY) Dr Soames, can you hear me?

SOAMES
(WEAKLY) Who… who's there?

DOCTOR
(D) It's me, Dr Soames. The Doctor.

SOAMES
Am I still alive?

DOCTOR
(D) Oh yes. Very much so.

SOAMES
The plane crashed. It's on fire. (BREAKING UP) The flames, they want to burn me…

DOCTOR
(D) I know. Stretch out your hand, Dr Soames. Reach out towards me.

SOAMES
I can't see you for the flames!

DOCTOR
(D) Reach out past them. Have faith.

(FX: FADE)

54. INT. HALL OF MIRRORS

(FX: FADE UP FAIRGROUND MUSIC, OFF; THE BLURRY CHATTER OF A CONSTANTLY MOVING CROWD)

TOBY
(TRYING TO HOLD HIMSELF TOGETHER, BUT THERE'S AN EDGE OF PANIC TO HIS VOICE) Hello? I say, is anyone there? (RAW; A BIT DESPERATE) Helloooo?

DOCTOR
(D, COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY) Toby. Hello.

TOBY
(STARTLED CRY) Crikey, you made me jump. Is that you, Doctor?

DOCTOR
(D) Yes.

TOBY
Where are you? You sound very close.

DOCTOR
(D) Inside your head. (TETCHY) Isn't it obvious?

TOBY
I don't know. I can't see, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(D) Then perhaps you should open your eyes.

TOBY
I can't. I daren't. (FEAR CREEPING BACK INTO HIS VOICE) I'm in a fairground, Doctor. In a hall of mirrors. Mirrors whichever way I turn. Looking at me. Laughing at me.

DOCTOR
(D) Open your eyes, Toby. Face your fear.

TOBY
I'm scared, Doctor. Scared of what I'll see.

DOCTOR
(D) Your fear is greater than the reality. That's what the Mi'en Kalarash is feeding on, Toby – the dread, the expectation. Don't let it win. Open your eyes.

TOBY
(TERRIFIED) I can't…

DOCTOR
(D) You can. Trust me.

TOBY
O-Okay… (SURPRISE) Oh!

DOCTOR
(D) What do you see?

TOBY
I see you, Doctor. Reflected in the mirror. Is it a trick?

DOCTOR
(D) No. It’s much simpler than that. The mirror isn’t really a mirror.

TOBY
What is it then?

DOCTOR
(D) It’s a doorway. And what would you do with a doorway that might lead you out of the darkness?

TOBY
Step through it?

DOCTOR
Exactly!

(FX: TOBY STEPS FORWARD. HARD CUT TO:)

55. INT. WHITE FEATURELESS ROOM

(FX: STERILE ACOUSTICS)

DOCTOR
… and here we all are, at last.

TOBY
(ASTONISHMENT) Oh! Hello.

RACHEL/SOAMES
Toby./Private.

JEROME
Hey, man.

SALLY
Hi, Toby. How are you feeling?

TOBY
Fine. I think. Where are we? It looks like a giant white Tupperware box.

SALLY
It’s our safe place.

TOBY
Safe as in…?

DOCTOR
As in the Mi’en Kalarash can’t get to us here.

SALLY
The Doctor made it. Created it with his mind.

TOBY
Interesting choice of décor, Doctor. But minimalist for my tastes.

DOCTOR
This is a rendezvous point, nothing more. A holding station. There’s no point expending precious mental energy on home comforts.

TOBY
All that telepathy business, you mean? Yes, how did you do that?

SALLY
Apparently we can all do it. The Doctor says it’s just a matter of tuning in to the right frequency.

DOCTOR
This is the domain of the Kalarash. Our actual bodies are still back in the lab.

JEROME
We're — what, thought-people?

DOCTOR
Avatars, if you like. While our physical bodies lie unconscious, the entity is feeding.

TOBY
What — sucking on our thoughts, like a vampire?

DOCTOR
Not exactly, but you've grasped the basic concept.

SALLY
And once it's drunk its fill, it'll discard us?

JEROME
… like empty burger boxes!

DOCTOR
Yes.

RACHEL
So what do we do, Doctor? Just hide in here where it can't find us and hope it'll go away?

DOCTOR
Nothing so defeatist. No, we're leaving. Going home.

SOAMES
Oh? And how are we going to get out of here? Click our heels together?

DOCTOR
We <u>could</u> try that. But I thought it would be easier to use the door.

RACHEL
What door?

DOCTOR
The one in the wall behind you.

(SHOCKED SILENCE)

TOBY
I don't see a door.

RACHEL
Me neither.

DOCTOR
It's just there, flush with the wall. If you tilt your head slightly the outline is clearly visible.

SALLY
Yes… Yes, I can see it!

JEROME
So can I. I think.

SOAMES
I can't see anything.

DOCTOR
That's because the Kalarash's conditioning is still blocking your mind. Concentrate, Dr Soames. All of you, concentrate.

(PAUSE)

TOBY
I still can't…

DOCTOR
(INTERRUPTING) Yes you can! The Kalarash thinks you're stupid. Easily manipulated. But it's wrong. Human beings are clever and determined and resourceful. And if you <u>really</u> want to go home, you'll see the door. All of you. Smack bang in the middle of the wall.

TOBY
(EXCITED) Yes! I <u>can</u> see it! It <u>is</u> there! It really is!

RACHEL
(SLOWLY) Me too. I can see it too.

DOCTOR
(QUIETLY) Dr Soames?

SOAMES
I… I don't…

DOCTOR
(AIRILY) Your mind must be weaker than the others. Easier to manipulate. Ah, well, that's hardly your fault.

SOAMES
(STUNG BY THE WORDS) No, wait! I <u>can</u> see it! Of course I can. That bang on the head must have affected my focus, that's all.

DOCTOR
Yes. That must have been it.

SALLY
What's on the other side, Doctor? Is it really a way out?

DOCTOR
(STEPPING FORWARD) Let's see, shall we?

CUT TO:

56. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

(FX: DOOR OPENS; THEY ALL TUMBLE THROUGH, BUT MAKE NO PHYSICAL IMPACT — UNTIL NOTED FURTHER, THEY'RE ALL GHOST-LIKE MENTAL PROJECTIONS, SO NO FOOTSTEPS ETC)

JEROME [GHOST]
I don't believe it.

TOBY [GHOST]
We're back in the base! We are home!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Well… almost.

RACHEL [GHOST]
What do you mean?

SALLY [GHOST]
Look there.

SOAMES [GHOST]
Good Lord!

RACHEL [GHOST]
It's us!

JEROME [GHOST]
Are we dead, Doctor? Are we… ghosts?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
We're just as we were in the entity's domain.

SALLY [GHOST]
Thought-people?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Yes.

TOBY
Hey, the door's gone! The one we came through.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
It was never there in the first place. I convinced you there was a door so you could break the Kalarash's conditioning long enough to make the mental leap back to this reality.

SALLY [GHOST]
You knew that was possible?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Well, I hoped.

TOBY [GHOST]
(URGENTLY) Doctor!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
What is it?

TOBY [GHOST]
Through the glass, in that fear chamber place. It's Miss Pritchard.

SOAMES [GHOST]
In the storage facility. Yes.

TOBY [GHOST]
(CALLING) Miss Pritchard. Miss P[ritchard]. (MAKES TO BANG ON GLASS – BUT CAN'T TOUCH ANYTHING) – Oh! Can't seem to touch the window.

SALLY [GHOST]
Thought-people, remember?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
She can't hear you anyway, Mr Dodds. She's in thrall to the Kalarash.

JEROME [GHOST]
Why's she just standing there?

DOCTOR
The entity inside her is still gathering strength. Once it realises we've broken the conditioning, it'll be back. Full of vim and vigour.

SOAMES [GHOST]
(OMINOUSLY) Yes. Something must be done.

SALLY [GHOST]
What I don't understand is – why didn't it kill you when you were unconscious, Doctor? I see that it's kept <u>us</u> alive to feed on our trauma and fear, but you're different. You're a threat. You know what it is and where it comes from. And you've served your purpose already, by bringing it here. (PAUSE; UNCERTAINLY) Er… why are you looking at me like that? I've said something stupid, haven't I?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
On the contrary. Sally Morgan, you are a genius!

SALLY [GHOST]
(SURPRISED) I am?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
That was an excellent question!

JEROME [GHOST]
So what's the answer, Doctor?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Isn't it obvious?

RACHEL [GHOST]
Not to us mere mortals.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
The Kalarash hasn't killed me because it can't!

JEROME[GHOST]
Why's that, then?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(THINKING ALOUD) The Ancient Ones might exist in Chaos, but they're still bound by their own particular rules. Evidently the Kalarash can only influence others to kill and destroy. It can't do it directly. I wonder [if] —

SALLY [GHOST]
Doctor! … Dr Soames is down in the chamber with Miss Pritchard.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
What?

TOBY [GHOST]
Yes, walked right through the wall. Didn't much fancy it myself.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
The idiot! If he disturbs it while it's feeding — (CALLING) Dr Soames!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

57. INT. FEAR CHAMBER (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: B/G HUM OF MACHINERY TO INDICATE DIFFERENT LOCATION)

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(FX: THROUGH GLASS) Dr Soames, get out of there at once!

SOAMES [GHOST]
I heard what you said, Doctor. Once this thing knows we've broken its conditioning, it'll be back. (TO EVE) Miss Pritchard. Eve. It's me, Dr Soames. I want you to listen to me. Whatever it is that's got inside you, I need you to fight it. Fight it, do you understand?

EVE
(MAKES KALARASH GROWL)

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(FX: THROUGH GLASS) Stay away from that thing! Whatever you do, don't —

(FX: A SURGING ELECTRICAL CRACKLE AND ZAP! LIKE A LIGHTNING STRIKE. CROSS BACK TO:)

58. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR [GHOST]
… get too close…

SALLY [GHOST]
Where did he go? A flash of blue fire, and he just… disappeared.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
The bluefire energy acted as a shield for the Kalarash. It vaporised him.

JEROME [GHOST]
Well, the doc might never have won any popularity contests, but I wouldn't have wished that on him.

TOBY [GHOST]
Yes, but — he's not really dead, is he? I mean, wasn't that only his… what did you call it? His thought-person self? His real body's still here, unconscious.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Not unconscious. The shock will have killed his physical self, too.

SALLY [GHOST]
(OFF) I'm afraid it's true. He's not breathing. He's gone.

TOBY [GHOST]
So if our 'thought bodies' die here, our real bodies die too?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Yes.

RACHEL [GHOST]
So how the hell are we supposed to join back up with our real bodies, Doctor?

JEROME [GHOST]
Or are we stuck like this now?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Hopefully, once we break the link with the Kalarash, the two separate parts will snap back together.

RACHEL [GHOST]
'Hopefully'?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Nothing is certain, Private McMahon. That's what makes life so interesting. Now, we need to move our bodies to a place of safety.

TOBY [GHOST]
And how the devil are we supposed to do that, if we can't touch anything?

59. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FADE UP DOORS OPENING. TARDIS HUM)

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(FROM OUTSIDE) Eyes right. Quick march.

SALLY [GHOST]/RACHEL [GHOST]/TOBY [GHOST]/JEROME [GHOST]
(FROM OUTSIDE, MOVING IN) Left-right, left-right, left-right, left-right, left-right… [ETC]

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, THEIR BODIES MARCH INTO TARDIS — WITH FOOTSTEPS)

DOCTOR [GHOST]
… and halt! (FX: FOOTSTEPS HALT) Doctor, over by the console, if you would.

(FX: DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS OVER)

TOBY [GHOST]
Damned peculiar, making one's own body march like this.

RACHEL [GHOST]
Is that really what I look like to everyone else?

JEROME [GHOST]
Oh, man. Carrying a few extra pounds there, Jerome.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
As I explained — our thought-selves have the power to control our physical bodies. Given the right orders, that is. Doors, please, Doctor.

(FX: DOOR CONTROL. DOOR SHUTS)

TOBY [GHOST]
So, we've got our bodies safe. What now, Doc?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Now — I'm going back outside, to rouse the Kalarash.

SALLY [GHOST]
What?!?

JEROME [GHOST]
It'll vaporise you, like it did old Soames!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
I'm a Time Lord. I have defences of my own. If my plan succeeds, your thought-selves will be reunited with your bodies. And when that happens —

TOBY [GHOST]
… we can come to your rescue, I suppose?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Absolutely not.

SALLY [GHOST]
It's alright, Doctor. I'm not scared.

TOBY [GHOST]
I am!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
You stay put, Sally. Stay in the TARDIS, do you understand?

SALLY [GHOST]
Why? What is this plan of yours?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
I said, stay in the TARDIS. Private Fisher – as soon as I'm gone, I want you to compel your body to pull this lever. That'll seal the TARDIS doors.

JEROME [GHOST]
Yes, sir!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Yes. No need to salute me, Private.

60. INT. FEAR CHAMBER

(FX: FADE UP FEAR CHAMBER HUM)

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(AUTHORITATIVE) Mi'en Kalarash. (LOUDER) Mi'en Kalarash!

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(WOOZY) Doctor…?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Yes. Surprised to see me, back here and fighting fit? Bit of a delay with the old cognitive transfer?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
The human brain is such a primitive instrument.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
A bad workman always blames his tools.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
Come closer, Doctor. So I can hear you better.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
And be vaporised by your bluefire shield? I think not. (VOICE HARDENS) I have a proposition for you, Kalarash.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
What could you possibly offer me?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
What have you got here, Kalarash? A single planet. You'll suck it dry and then move on. But these little planets are so unsatisfying, don't you find? So lacking in sustenance.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
Your universe will sustain me, Doctor. I'll grow fat on the fear that I generate.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Oh, I doubt that. You'll just be a scavenger. Always hungry. Always looking to stave off the gnawing emptiness inside.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
What do you propose?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Stored in my memory is the misery of a hundred thousand races, on a hundred thousand worlds. It can all be yours, if you agree to leave the Earth and return to the wastelands with me.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
You are prepared to sacrifice all that you are for this miserable planet?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Imagine it, Kalarash. Grief, pain and destruction on a massive scale, accessed through the memories of a Time Lord. Eternity awaits. What do you say?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
I say… no.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(SURPRISED) What?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
I say no, Time Lord. I refuse your offer.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
But why? I'm offering you a banquet, not a… a finger buffet!

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
And I shall devour it, Time Lord. All of it.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Oh no. That's not how it works.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(FX: CRACKLING FIRE – GROWING MORE POWERFUL) You have no choice. You underestimate my power. I have adapted to this reality. I shall devour your memories and your universe too. There is nothing you can do to stop me.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(CRIES OUT IN PAIN) No. I won't… let you in!

(FX: ALARM FROM SYSTEMS ROOM, THROUGH GLASS – AS IN PART THREE)

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
Such flimsy defences, Time Lord. Such a weak mind. I expected more from the great Doctor… (BREAKS OFF) What is that… noise?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(EFFORT) What… noise?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
In the Systems Room. Ahh, I see you – forcing your physical self to carry out your pathetic schemes. But there is nothing your zombie can do up there to harm me in here.

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Really? (SHOUTING) Doctor – disengage failsafe!

(FX: A FLURRY OF PULSES, LIKE A DIGITISED GATLING GUN, FILLING THE FEAR CHAMBER THROUGH:)

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(PAINED, STRUCK BY PULSES) What… is… happening?

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(PAINED, STRUCK BY PULSES) You should know. It was your influence over Eve Pritchard that helped to advance the research into Remote Emotional Programming.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(PAINED, STRUCK BY PULSES) Fear bullets!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
(PAINED, STRUCK BY PULSES)
I'd sooner call them — a taste of your own medicine.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(PAINED, STRUCK BY PULSES) I shall crush you, Doctor! Crush you utterly!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
I'm not afraid. (STEELY) What are the Ancient Ones afraid of, Kalarash? What do you see in <u>your</u> nightmares?

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(PAINED, STRUCK BY PULSES) Such… unspeakable things!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Leave here. Go back to the wastelands. Break the link.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
No… no! Have mercy!

DOCTOR [GHOST]
Oh, I have plenty of mercy. (COLD) But none, I'm afraid, for you.

EVE/MI'EN KALARASH
(EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM…)

(FX: …WHICH BLENDS INTO A RUSHING, ELECTRICAL SURGE — BUT INVERTED; AN IMPLOSION RATHER THAN AN EXPLOSION. BEAT SILENCE)

61. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: INTERIOR HUM. 4 x LIGHTNING FLASHES IN QUICK SUCCESSION, AS THE SQUADDIES' MINDS RETURN TO THEIR BODIES)

JEROME
What – was that? I was over there, and now…

RACHEL
Now you're back in your body.

SALLY
We all are.

JEROME
Oh yeah!

TOBY
Guess the jolly old Doctor must have done his whatever-it-was he was going to do.

SALLY
Yes. And now – (FX: DOOR CONTROL ACTIVATED) – we're going to rescue him. (FW WALKING TO DOORS) Come on.

RACHEL
Sally, no. The Doctor said to stay put.

TOBY
She's not wrong.

SALLY
He's not an officer, he can't hand out orders to any of us!

JEROME
She's right, you know. Come on!!!

(FX: ALL EXIT RUNNING INTO:)

62. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: SQUADDIES RUNNING UP TO DOCTOR FROM OFF)

SALLY
(TO HALT) Doctor!

DOCTOR
I thought I told you to stay inside the TARDIS.

SALLY
Yes, and I ignored you.

DOCTOR
Good girl.

RACHEL
What happened? Where's the Kalarash?

DOCTOR
On the run.

TOBY
What, literally?

DOCTOR
I used my physical self to release the energies Dr Soames had stored up in the bluefire system. His 'fear bullets'.

TOBY
And you escaped without a scratch?

RACHEL
Idiot. His physical self was up here at the time.

DOCTOR
My mental self is a little shot up, I must admit. But I was able to escape back into my physical self as soon as the Kalarash retreated.

TOBY
Yes, but where to?

JEROME
Back into the bluefire system, dummy.

DOCTOR
Exactly. The conduit between this Universe and the wastelands.

SALLY
What about Miss Pritchard? Eve?

DOCTOR
Collapsed when the Kalarash dispossessed her. She's unconscious, but she'll be all right.

TOBY
So that thing's gone for good?

DOCTOR
No.

SALLY/RACHEL/TOBY/JEROME
No?!?

DOCTOR
I have to hunt it down while it's still vulnerable, force it all the way back and seal the system for good.

SALLY
How?

DOCTOR
Help connect me up, Sally.

SALLY
Lie down, Doctor.

(FX: DOCTOR GETS ONTO GURNEY THROUGH:)

JEROME
You're seriously going back inside the system? After everything?

DOCTOR
Back… to Bluefire House. Pressure pad 'A' on my frontal lobe, please, Sally.

SALLY
(FX: CONNECTING THE DOCTOR BACK UP TO BLUEFIRE MACHINES) I know. Hold still.

TOBY
You're mad, going back to that place.

DOCTOR
The Kalarash is in turmoil. Its carefully constructed empire is crumbling. But Bluefire House should still be standing. A temporary haven in a sea of instability.

RACHEL
Because you created it?

DOCTOR
Yes.

JEROME
Why do you say it should still be standing, Doctor?

DOCTOR
The world that the Mi'en Kalarash constructed will be collapsing around it. It's bound to have some effect.

SALLY
But what if it collapses with you inside it?

DOCTOR
I'll burn that bridge when I come to it. Now then, Sally. You know what to do.

SALLY
Pull this lever down, leave you to cook on Regulo 7 for a few minutes, then push the lever back up again.

DOCTOR
Give me at least five minutes. Whatever happens.

SALLY
Don't worry, Doctor. I won't let you down.

(FX: CLUNK AS SALLY PULLS LEVER)

DOCTOR
No. I don't believe you [will]

(FX: LIGHTNING ZAP!)

63. INT. BLUEFIRE HOUSE. MAIN HALLWAY

(FX: KEENING WIND THROUGH OPEN DOORWAY. RUMBLES OF DISTANT THUNDER. TICKING OF CLOCK)

DOCTOR
(VOICE ECHOING) [No. I don't believe you …] will. (MURMURS TO SELF) Well, this place has certainly fallen to rack and ruin. (FX: MOVING ACROSS FLOORBOARDS) (CALLING SOFTLY, SING-SONG) Kal-a-rash…? Oh, Mi'en Kalarash…? Where are you?

MI'EN KALARASH
(ROARS WITH EFFORT, TOPPLING CLOCK)

(FX: CRASH AS THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK FALLS OVER; SCATTERED CHIMES)

DOCTOR
(MOCK OUTRAGE) That clock was a valuable heirloom! (BEAT) I expect…

MI'EN KALARASH
(VOICE THICK, SLURRED, LOSING COHERENCE) Time Lord. What have you done to me?

DOCTOR
Nothing. Your own fear has pushed you back down the evolutionary ladder, reducing you to a primal state. It'll be a long time before you threaten the Universe again.

MI'EN KALARASH
I can still… threaten you!

(FX: CRACKLING WITH FIRE, THE MI'EN KALARASH ROARS AND LUNGES AT THE DOCTOR. CUT TO:)

64. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

(FX: MEDICAL EQUIPMENT. ECHO ON CARDIOGRAM — TWO HEARTS)

JEROME
How's he doing?

SALLY
Okay, I think. But these readings are all over the place. There's a weird double heartbeat.

TOBY
Twitching a bit, isn't he?

SALLY
His adrenaline's pretty high. He must be busy in there.

RACHEL
How long has he had?

SALLY
Just coming up to two [minutes.]

RACHEL
Maybe you should pull him out now.

SALLY
No. I promised the Doctor that, whatever happened, I'd give him five minutes. And five minutes is what he's going to get.

65. INT. MAIN HALLWAY

MI'EN KALARASH
(FX: CRACKLING) (THROTTLING DOCTOR) I shall find your fear, Doctor. Find it before I destroy you!

DOCTOR
(CHOKED) I've had plenty of monsters at my throat before, Kalarash. I'm not frightened of anything.

MI'EN KALARASH
Every mortal is frightened of something. Even you-!

DOCTOR
(CHOKED) Alright, alright! Release me and I'll tell you what it is-!

MI'EN KALARASH
Tell me, then —

DOCTOR
(RELEASED, GASPING FOR AIR)

MI'EN KALARASH
… but I will know if you are lying!

DOCTOR
(RECOVERING) I don't doubt it. —

(FX: OFF/OUTSIDE — AN ELECTRICAL, WHIP-LIKE CRACK AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE HOUSE; INSIDE — PLASTER/RUBBLE FALLS)

DOCTOR
Oh dear. The system is breaking down more rapidly than I expected.

MI'EN KALARASH
Tell me, Doctor! Tell me now!!!

(FX: ANOTHER RUMBLE AND CRACK; MORE FALLING MASONRY)

66. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

(FX: FLASH-BANG FROM SYSTEMS. CRACKLE OF FLAME)

JEROME
Look out – blue fire!

RACHEL
Fire extinguisher. Toby, quick!

TOBY
What? – Oh, right.

RACHEL
Hurry! Sally, you've got to get the Doctor out of there!

SALLY
He's still got another ninety seconds.

TOBY
(RUSHING OVER) Here we are. This should do the trick –

(FX: ACTIVATES FIRE EXTINGUISHER. FOAM. BLUE FIRE CRACKLES EVER MORE FIERCELY)

JEROME
Or maybe not.

TOBY
Well what is it, if it isn't ordinary fire?

SALLY
Fear. Burning apart the system from the inside.

RACHEL
Sally, bring the Doctor back or he'll die!

SALLY
Five minutes, he said. Whatever happens.

67. INT. MAIN HALLWAY

(FX: THUNDER AND LIGHTNING; THE CRASH OF FALLING MASONRY)

DOCTOR
My fear, Kalarash? Very well. I fear the Old Times. The times of night and chaos. Perhaps you remember them too…?

MI'EN KALARASH
I… remember.

DOCTOR
Yes. And perhaps you, too, dread conjuring up the memory of those terrible times as much as I? Remembering what was done to you? Or – worse, perhaps – what it was you *did…?*

MI'EN KALARASH
These thing are past! Their memory is nothing to fear!

DOCTOR
It's not remembering the Old Times I'm afraid of. My fear is, Kalarash…

MI'EN KALARASH
Tell me!!!

DOCTOR
My fear is, that the Old Times might be coming back.

(BEAT)

MI'EN KALARASH
That… cannot be!

DOCTOR
Can't it?

MI'EN KALARASH
You think I haven't noticed, Doctor? How you've been creeping further and further back, towards the open lift?

DOCTOR
Have I?

MI'EN KALARASH
You still think you can escape me. Bluff me. Fool me!!!

DOCTOR
Even I couldn't contrive to escape your domain twice, Kalarash.

MI'EN KALARASH
You made a doorway before. An exit into the real world. Ha! I see it now! (FX: RATTLING LIFT GATES) This lift is your door!

DOCTOR
(BLUFFING) No, Kalarash. Really! It isn't!

(FX: WRENCHING LIFT GATES APART)

MI'EN KALARASH
In which case – I can exit here! Exit to tear your planet Earth apart! Ohh, I smell it on you now, Doctor. The fear! The fear that I have (FALLING INTO SPACE) wooooooooooooooooo[n!]

DOCTOR
No lift, Kalarash. Just an empty shaft. Your way back to the wastelands. (FX: PULLING GATES CLOSED) Gotcha!

(FX: BIGGER CRASHES AS THE HOUSE BEGINS TO COLLAPSE AROUND THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR
Time to go, I think. (ALOUD) Sally? Five minutes, I said.

(FX: AN ALMIGHTY CRASH AS THE HOUSE CAVES IN)

DOCTOR
(ANXIOUS) Sally?

68. INT. BLUEFIRE SYSTEM OPERATIONS ROOM

(FX: MORE BANGS AND FLASHES; RISING ELECTRONIC SCREECH AS THE BLUEFIRE SYSTEM GOES CRITICAL; AN ALARM WHOOPS IN THE B/G)

JEROME
Blue fire's breaking out everywhere!

RACHEL
(YELLING) Sally, you've got to bring the Doctor out of there!

SALLY
Seven more seconds.

TOBY
Sweetheart, he's had plenty of time.

SALLY
(DETERMINED; CALM) Five. Four. Three. Two. One!

(FX: SLAM OF A LEVER; MORE FLASHES AND BANGS)

DOCTOR
(HUGE WHOOPING BREATH)

SALLY
(TRIUMPHANTLY) Doctor! Doctor, can you hear me?

DOCTOR
Sally?

SALLY
Welcome back, Doctor.

EVE
(STAGGERING IN FROM OFF) What's happening? What's all this noise?

JEROME
Miss Pritchard! You're back with us too!

(FX: BIG EXPLOSION; CRACKLE OF FIRE)

SALLY
Doctor. We have a situation. The blue fire-?

DOCTOR
Yes. The collapse of the house has spilled out into the real world. Caused not so much an earthquake, more a localised spacequake.

RACHEL/JEROME/TOBY/EVE
A what?

SALLY
Whatever it is, we don't want to be in the middle of it. Everyone – into the TARDIS, now!

JEROME
Roger that!

(FX: ALL EXIT, EXCEPT DOCTOR AND SALLY)

SALLY
You too, Doctor – Ah.

DOCTOR
Yes, I seem to be rather tangled up in all these wires…

SALLY
We can't have long. Come on, let me help you. (FX: BEGINS UNTANGLING DOCTOR)

DOCTOR
Cool under pressure, Private Morgan. I admire that.

SALLY
Yes, save the compliments 'til later, perhaps-?

DOCTOR
Asks all the right questions, and even listens to the answers. Obeys the right orders, disregards the wrong ones. Yes, all very admirable qualities. (GETTING UP) And with one bound, he was free. Come along.

(FX: BOTH RUSH OFF)

SALLY
(SLIGHTLY OFF, ENTERING TARDIS) Course, if you've got any kind words, Doctor – save them for my C.O. I could use a promotion.

DOCTOR
(DITTO) The thing is, Sally Morgan – I was rather hoping you might consider going AWOL instead.

SALLY
(DITTO) I'm sorry-?

(FX: DOCTOR CLOSES DOOR. BEAT. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES AS LIGHTNING FX BUILD TO A FINAL, ECHOING CRASH)

THE END